

JOHN BULL

Vol. II. No. 33.

SATURDAY, JAN. 19th, 1907.

ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

*The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull*

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.



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The Subscription List will close on or before MONDAY, the 21st day of JANUARY, 1907, for LONDON, and the FOLLOWING DAY for the COUNTRY.

Deep Lead Gold Mining.

A PARENT COMPANY.

The Company already either owns or controls or has entered into contracts to acquire the following Deep Leads in the Colony of Victoria:—

Approximate Lengths: Lillieour Deep Leads (Leases already Granted), 14 miles; Clunes Deep Leads, 1½ miles; Malmesbury Deep Leads, 4½ miles; Beaufort Deep Leads, 1½ miles; Marong Deep Leads, 6½ miles. Total, 28 miles.

Carter's Deep Leads, Limited.

Incorporated under the laws of Guernsey, as sanctioned by Her late Majesty Queen Victoria in Council, 6th November, 1883.

CAPITAL

£250,000.

Divided into 250,000 shares of £1 each, of which 50,000 Shares are reserved for Working Capital.

The Whole of the Purchase Price is Payable at the Option of the Directors in Shares of the Company.

Issue of 100,000 Shares at par, Payable 2s. 6d. per Share on Application, 7s. 6d. on Allotment, and as to the Balance in Calls of 2s. 6d., at intervals of not less than 3 months as the Directors may from time to time determine.

No Underwriting Commission has been or will be Paid.

DIRECTORS.

WILLIAM CARTER, The Hermitage, Parkstone, Dorset (Chairman, "Homesteads, Limited"), Chairman.

HUGH FORTESCUE W. GWATKIN, Solicitor, Poole.

ALFRED FRAMPTON, F.S.I., A.R.I.B.A., M.S.A., 62, Basinghall Street, E.C.

WILLIAM GREENELL WALLACE, A.M.I.E.E., The Old Orchard, Broadstone, Dorset.

EMERSON B. CARTER, M.A., 27, Essex Street, London, W.C. (Director of Kinson Pottery, Limited).

BANKERS.

WILTS AND DORSET BANKING COMPANY, LTD., Parkstone Branch, their Head Office, Salisbury, and all Branches.

GLYN, MILLS, CURRIE, AND COMPANY, 67, Lombard Street, London, E.C.

SOLICITOR.

H. W. DIBBEN, 27, Essex Street, W.C., and Wimborne, Dorset.

SECRETARY, pro. tem, AND OFFICES:

EMERSON B. CARTER, M.A., 27, Essex Street, London, W.C.

PROSPECTUS.

The primary object of this Company is to take an active part in Deep Lead Gold Mining, in which there is every indication of increasing interest amongst investors.

The Company already either owns or controls or has entered into contracts to acquire the following Deep Leads in the Colony of Victoria:—

	Approximate Length.
Lillieour Deep Leads (Leases already granted)	14 miles.
Clunes Deep Leads	1½ "
Malmesbury Deep Leads	4½ "
Beaufort Deep Leads	1½ "
Marong Deep Leads	6½ "
Total	28 miles.

The Company proposes from time to time, as opportunity affords and developments justify, to form subsidiary companies to take over the properties mentioned above.

The great extent of Leads set out above should enable the Company to form at least fifteen to twenty separate companies, each with a capital equal to that of the parent undertaking. A large source of revenue is therefore open, and the shares of the present Company should constitute a highly lucrative investment.

Although for some years past a section of the mining investors and mining engineers of Great Britain have paid some attention to the Deep Leads of Victoria generally, it is not a subject that is clearly understood, nor are the potentialities recognised. Some of those versed in the facts and conditions are prepared to affirm that in a very few years these leads will form the most important factor in the gold production of the world. A well-known and recognised authority, after spending some months on the ground, studying the subject, concludes his pamphlet by saying:—

"Although great quantities of gold have been won, there yet remains infinitely more, and there is no doubt but that those companies which have acquired large tracts of land, erected vast modern pumping, winding and electrical appliances designed and superintended by the best mining and engineering talent obtainable, will in the near future astonish the world, and will greatly increase the production of that very useful article we all desire to have and cannot do without, viz., gold."

In the past, remarkable results have been obtained from those old river-beds, one mile of leads alone having produced gold to the value of £1,555,000, out of which £555,000 was paid in Dividends. The fact of paying upwards of 50 per cent. of the product in dividend speaks for itself as to the low cost of working, and the original capital expended is stated to have been only £28,000.

The Colony of Victoria has always been regarded in the front of gold-producing countries, and on the whole the area is recognised as the richest spot of the earth's surface. From 1852 to the present time upwards of 2,000 tons of gold have been produced from this area.

An estimate of quantity has been made for Messrs. Bewick, Moreing and Co. by Mr. Lindgren, and he gives for the ancient rivers a minimum tonnage, per mile of stream, of 500,000. The quality is, of course, a variable one, but the fact remains that all the leads already worked in the Colony have been payable.

It can be laid down from the experience of the older mines that every mile worked has been profitably worked.

This Company, controlling 28 miles of Deep Leads, have sufficient ground for many large companies, and from the calculation of tonnage made above, have at least 14,000,000 tons of wash.

The Past Record of the Victorian Deep Leads:—

Gold won	1,343,614 oz.
Value	£25,513,281
Royalties paid	£276,151
Dividends	£2,208,293

The following are some of the principal gold producers:—

	ozs.	Value.
Madame Berry	387,351	1,588,515
Berry Consols	171,338	710,716
Lone Hand	126,030	517,330
Ristori	101,224	430,918
New Australasia	90,203	374,343
Sadowa	50,138	205,565

There have been forty-four other producing companies which have paid dividends during their working.

Applications for shares must be made upon the accompanying form. If there be no allotment the deposit will be returned without deduction, and if there be a partial allotment the balance will be applied towards payment of calls.

CARTER'S DEEP LEADS, LIMITED.

ISSUE of 100,000 SHARES of £1 EACH.

Form of Application for Shares.

To the Directors of CARTER'S DEEP LEADS, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,—

Having paid to your Bankers the sum of £....., being a deposit of 2s. 6d. per Share upon.....Shares of the above named Company, and request you to allot to me that number of Shares, and I agree to accept the same or any less number you may allot to me upon the terms of the Prospectus dated.....and to pay the balance of.....per Share as thereby provided, and I authorise you to place my name upon the register in respect of such Shares.

Please Write Distinctly.

Name (in full)
Mr. Mrs., or Miss
Address (in full)
.....
Description
Signature
Date 190

All Cheques to be made payable to the Company's Bankers.

A separate Cheque should accompany each separate Application.

JOHN BULL.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant;
Without Fear or Favour—Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. II. No. 33.

Saturday, January 19th, 1907.

One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Offices of JOHN BULL have now been removed to 4, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON, where, in future, ALL COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed, except in regard to advertisements (see notice below).

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, unless otherwise signed, is editorial.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Arrangements have been made with Messrs. Greenberg & Co., Ltd., of 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., who will in future conduct all advertising business connected with this journal, and to whom advertisers desiring spaces must apply for particulars.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

PER ANNUM, POST FREE.
UNITED KINGDOM — — — — — 2s. 6d.
FOREIGN COUNTRIES WITHIN THE POSTAL UNION — — — — — 3s. 6d.
SHORTER OR LONGER PERIODS IN PROPORTION.
All business communications to be addressed to the Publisher,
JOHN BULL, 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.

THEATRES, ENTERTAINMENTS, ETC.

LONDON TWICE DAILY, HIPPODROME
at 2 and 8 p.m.
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

DALY'S THEATRE.—Produced by Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS, EVERY EVENING at 8.15, MATINEES EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30, the new Comedy Opera in English, entitled "THE MERVEILLEUSES."
Box-office 10 to 10. Telephone 3005 Gerrard.

A L H A M B R A. — "L'AMOUR." GRAND BALLET.—
AGNES AND JULIUS ZANOW, TRIOLET READERS.
"Two Minds with but a single thought."
UMMANORA Up-to-date Pictures, etc.
Doors 7.45. Manager, George Scott.

The place for a QUIET LUNCH, a COMFORTABLE DINNER, and a COSY SUPPER.

THE WEST END HOTEL,

Arundell Street, Coventry Street,
PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.

In close proximity to all the leading places of Entertainment.
EXCELLENT CATERING AT STRICTLY MODERATE TARIFF;
TABLE D'HÔTE or A LA CARTE.

The Choicest Wines and Liqueurs and Finest Brands of Cigars a Speciality.
Telephone: 3812 Central. Proprietor, R. PORTA.

DETECTIVE WORK.

Divorce and Confidential Inquiries Undertaken by

WM. PIERREPONT,

WITH SHORROCK, ABILITY, and DESPATCH.

GO TO HIM IF BLACKMAILED, Troubled, or in Difficulties.

Special experience also in Will Cases.

WM. PIERREPONT, 27, Chancery Lane, W.C.
T.A.: "Bellows, London." T.N.: 10,773 Central.
REFERENCES TO LEADING LONDON SOLICITORS.

WHY PAY RENT?

The BRITISH HOMES SCHEME enables Policy-holders to reap the benefit of their investment

DURING THEIR OWN LIFETIME
and in the event of premature death to leave their legal representatives in possession of a comfortable home free from any mortgage charge or encumbrance. Particulars post free. GOOD PROSPECTS FOR ACTIVE AGENTS.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Ltd.
6, Paul-st., Finsbury, E.C. M. GREGORY, Managing Director.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Mr. Ralph Littler has been justifying some of his heavy sentences. He says he always endeavours to avoid sending a person to prison for a first offence, and on the next day we read that he sends a marine-store dealer, in a weak state of health, to penal servitude for five years for receiving stolen property—his first offence! He also refuses to stay a sentence of six weeks' imprisonment upon the authoress, Harriette Davenport, for alleged neglect of her children, pending an appeal, on the ground that such appeal "was a waste of money"—and the next day the Home Secretary remits the sentence! As we have before observed, mercy is sometimes of more moment than "Justice."

There is an interesting sequel to our exposure of the exaggerated statements about Madame Patti's American tour. Mr. Grau, the impresario, is reported missing, and "there is fear that he has become insane through brooding over his poverty consequent on the last tour of Madame Patti." Mr. Grau lost everything he possessed, while Madame Patti, under her contract, is said to have netted £50,000! We are sure she will be glad to return some of it to the unfortunate man. Oh, these public idols!

Again we say that we have no desire to detract from the memory of a great lady, but we put it to our readers whether our protest against the Abbey burial has not received some justification by the official publication of the contents of the late baroness's will? Where are the charities? Not that we begrudge Mr. Burdett-Coutts his belated fortune. Good luck to him—he deserves it.

But what about the death duties on the lady's property? Not only is there nothing for charities, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer is also left out in the cold. For most of the estate was transferred during her lifetime.

We are not much impressed by that joint appeal of the Archbishops of Canterbury, Westminster, and the Nonconformist Conscience for a stricter observance of Sunday. People are learning to worship God in the green lanes and fields, and if the priests want to keep in touch with them, they will have to follow the example of their Master and go out into the highways and byways. They will have also to show a little more Christian charity and love towards one another. They must also drop dogma and ritual. It is the twentieth century. Had there been a Sunday League in Christ's time, He would have been its President. The Sabbath was made for man.

Who is the Rev. W. G. Anderson? He has written a pamphlet entitled, "Kissing—its Use and Abuse." Just think over the first part of the title, "Kissing—its Use"! As to its abuse, listen to this: "For a girl to surrender her cheek or lips to gratify a young man's craving for sensual pleasure, is a degradation of her

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maidenhood, the same in kind . . . as the more gross forms of prostitution." As we recently observed of another morbid maniac, we wouldn't trust the writer in a monkey-house.

Congratulations to Lord Northcliffe upon his latest journalistic enterprise, in publishing a Sunday edition of the *Continental Daily Mail*, and thus conferring a real boon upon Britishers abroad. We would, however, suggest that in the interests of the *entente cordiale*, his Lordship should take on a new translator. For instance, the following quotations from the *Mail Special Salon Supplement*, during the recent motor exhibition, do not read well. Of the Mercedes car we learn that

"the makers have suppressed the gas-lever, which was used to stop the engine, and this function has been envantage gained is to enable the motor to be stopped instantly, or at least, sured by an electric contact. The adits explosions while the cylinder still suck fresh gas for a few moments. In this way the motor starts easily at first turn of the crank." "The chassis is provided with a free exhaust valve, and sparking is ensured by two Bosch ignitions, one with brake, the other with spark plug. The steering is very inclined, the handle's quadrant remains steady independent of the dip of the flywheel towards right or left."

The description of "La Silencieuse" electric carriage is no less lucid.

"The carriage is propelled simply by a double electric contact with suppression of spark. It has no controller, no chain, no gear, no gearing wheel, and it carries its motor between its wheels."

From the *Daily Telegraph*:—

"The Bishop of Durham and Mrs. Handlev Moule have gone abroad for a month. The Bishop of Wakefield is also taking a brief Continental holiday, but will return to his diocese the second week in April."

This is the sort of thing which makes the people turn their backs upon the churches. The winter months, the starving and the struggling poor, the "desecrated Sabbath," the ever-growing disregard of sectarian religion—and the Bishop of Durham off for a month abroad, and the Bishop of Wakefield also taking a "brief Continental holiday"—just till "the second week in April"! In any other line of business, these gentlemen would find their pay stopped and their jobs gone. What an object-lesson for the unemployed!

The Anti-Gambling League are making the pace a bit too hot. They are also making fools of themselves. What says Professor Stuart, M.P., to the proposal to exclude betting tips from the *Star*? Like the Socialist who "had two pigs," the learned professor, and some of his "liberal" colleagues, will soon find that the enemy is getting "too close." What humbug the whole thing is!

The Duke of Connaught, the Duchess of Connaught, and Princess Patricia of Connaught have left London for China. It is officially intimated that the Duke is going out to the Far East in his official capacity as Inspector-General of the Forces, and in the course of his tour will visit Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, Hong Kong, and Egypt. The Duchess, apparently, goes out as Assistant Inspector-General. Presumably, Princess Patricia goes out as Assistant to the Assistant-Inspector. What we should like to know, however, is the relation of the Paymaster of the Forces to this triumvirate, the more especially as the relation between the Paymaster of the Forces and the British taxpayer who supplies the funds for the Paymaster to pay with is, in the nature of things, peculiar and intimate.

A correspondent writes to grumble about the filthy state of the British Post Office at Constantinople. He says the size of the part where business is transacted is about 12ft. by 6ft., and the same old sign "V.R." still hangs outside. We suppose that is why most of our letters come through the Austrian Post Office.

Even the *Sporting Times* seems to study our Letter Bag, and apparently regrets finding no vulgarity in it:—

"A weekly paper has been trumpeting the woes of the hospital nurse. So far, excellent; but what does the agonised cry of this correspondent mean?"

"He knows of a hospital where one nurse is left to each ward at night, and he wants to know what she is to do if there is a sudden outbreak of delirium tremens."

"The editor weakly suggests calling for help."

"What an opportunity for the very finest brand of music-hall humour is here lost."

"Let it be lost."

And it was lost.

Age does not wither nor custom stale General Booth's infinite variety, but, even so, his new Anti-Suicide Bureau is a rather startling novelty. The rules of the new department do not appear to have been publicly issued. Apparently, however, whenever anybody feels that he would like to commit the happy despatch, he goes to the head of the Department and mentions the fact, respectfully soliciting a voluntary contribution as an inducement to alter his mind. If the head of the department offers sixpence and a night's lodging, the would-be suicide may, of course, stand out for ninepence, a feather bed, and a hot breakfast in the morning. Eventually they may compromise on sevenpence ha'penny and a round of toast. This may not be the line on which the Anti-Suicide Bureau is worked, but much thought has not enabled us to discover any other. Explanations will be thankfully received.

We are growing a little weary of awarding "Biscuits" to the *Daily Mail*! And yet we read in that journal that a recently released prisoner has been confiding some secrets of the prison house. Here is just one sample:—

"Feeling that he would like a shave, he manufactured a razor from a piece of corset steel, belonging to a female prisoner, which he sharpened with his slate; his boots served as a strop, his tin plate as a shaving mirror, and for a lather brush he snatched a tuft from a sweeping-brush in the corridor."

Perhaps the editor will explain. Female prisoners are never allowed near male ones, and they do not wear corsets. We say nothing about sharpening a piece of hardened steel with a bit of slate! Come, Lord Northcliffe.

Society papers are not always remarkable for their good taste. One of them has been recalling a stupid old gibe about ladies who went out to nurse sick soldiers during the South African War. It appears that some fool dubbed them "the little sisters of the rich." A generous editor has now offered a prize (of some back numbers of his journal) to the first reader who should identify two ladies as bearers of that dull nickname. They prove to be: one of them lately deceased, the other a personage who combines genius with courage. We wonder if their male relatives will have anything to say to the little editor on the subject. A new kind of competition would not be surprising.

One of the most perplexing, and at the same time most interesting aspects of the British Constitution is the automatic manner in which it appears to work upon the principle of cautious and conservative evolution. Thus, whatever may be the reaction, in the immediate future, against the House of Lords, it is absolutely certain that the great majority of the people will insist upon retaining a second chamber, of a more or less autocratic character, to exercise a check upon the doings of the popularly-elected legislature. But the strangest thing of all is that whenever in imperial affairs the country gives itself over to one or other of the great political parties, it invariably places a brake upon the machine by rallying round its opponents, in municipal matters. Such has been the case for many years past, and at the recent borough and town council elections the fact was strikingly illustrated—whilst

March will give us an even stronger lesson, when the County Council elections come round.

The world must draw its own inference from the fact that on the recent anniversary of Mr. Gladstone's birth, his statue, in the Strand, was decorated by—three bouquets! When we contrast this with the state of things at Dizzy's monument on the anniversary of *that* public hero—well, it sets us thinking. The fact is, that the world is ruled by great orators, whilst they are alive, and by great thinkers, after they are dead.

It was not so much argument which killed the Fiscal Policy of Mr. Chamberlain, as the hard insistent logic of facts. Argument might have been needed to kill it at a time of extreme industrial depression, but Mr. Chamberlain no sooner commenced his campaign than the facts scotched it. Even the specious argument about the excess of imports over exports broke down, for exports began jumping up by leaps and bounds. And now we commence the new year with a record over-sea national trade of upwards of a thousand millions sterling, with an increase of nearly 43 millions in imports and of 46 millions in exports. At least, these are the official figures, although, of course, a vast amount of trade remains absolutely unchecked. Still, it is impossible to look at them and talk about "declining industry," and the nation going commercially to the dogs. They are the final answer to the Chamberlain-Balfour legend. Despite all the advantages of youth and new development, no other nation is doing so well as England, and, with its prosperity, having a larger liberty, or, percentage for percentage, having a higher standard of means of individual comfort. While this is true, it is futile to attempt a revival of the fiscal campaign.

We note the rumour that the Prime Minister may probably himself represent Great Britain at the forthcoming Peace Conference. Excellent. No Prime Minister could be better employed. There is only one thing better which could be done—and that is that the King should go. Democrats as we are, we have great faith in His Majesty as our best ambassador. Let him who goes, however, remember this—there never was a just war, or an unrighteous peace.

In the *Labour Leader*, Mr. Keir Hardie, speaking of the present position of affairs in Russia, says:—

For the moment famine, I see, is upon them. That appears to be terrible, since it means that millions will starve and that thousands will die. Who knows, however, but that this may just be the one fresh horror needed to arouse the people to one great final effort for the overthrow of their political opponents? Stranger things have happened ere now. As the old Scotch theologians had it—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm."

For attributing the horrors of causing millions to starve and thousands to die to the deliberate action of God, simply "to arouse the people to one great final effort for the overthrow of their political opponents," we are disposed to award Mr. Hardie a biscuit. How is it, by the way, that the hon. member nowadays loses no opportunity of flavouring his utterances with a spice of religious cant? It is a poor tribute to the memory of his honest, robust secularist parents. And it is this sort of thing which is sickening the members of the Labour Party in Parliament. Give us an honest, manly man like Mr. Shackleton—with all his little prejudices. Keir is an old fraud.

Everybody is busy giving the Chancellor of the Exchequer suggestions for his next Budget. There can be no doubt that there are several available sources of revenue at present untapped, and from all we hear there are likely to be a few surprises when this year's Budget is placed before the country. We have one or two up our sleeve, but of these "more anon."

The ideal system of taxation would not be many taxes, but one tax, and that direct. It would demand equality of sacrifice from everybody earning above a subsistence wage, even if it had to commence with the lowest coin of the realm. A tax of this sort would inevitably turn the attention of everybody to the expenses of government, and the lavish squandering of public funds in the departments would cease. With every tax-paying man and woman looking out to see where the money goes, there would be no governmental spendthrifts.

Until we get this ideal system, we must make shift by improving such methods as we have. It is from this point of view that we welcomed the new Income-tax report. It will give Mr. Asquith an opportunity of putting the tax on a wider and a juster basis. The rich men and the upper-middle class will have to declare their income like the lower-middle and middle-middle classes, while men with brain-produced incomes liable to vanish altogether in ill-health will not be classed for assessment among the Rothschilds, and the Carnegies, and the Astors. All this is to the good; and it will be still more to the good if the new proposals, when they are merged into law, help to provide the money needed for Old Age Pensions.

John Bull's Biscuits.

AWARD No. 165.

For beating the record as a "passive resister" by "neither liking nor objecting to" a kiss alleged to have been bestowed upon her by a Baptist minister.

MISS CAROLINE WITHERS, A DOMESTIC SERVANT,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 166.

For writing a letter to an Eton boy, whose tutor had discovered that he was getting "tips," advising him to "keep clear of betting transactions or his life would be ruined."

MR. HARRY WEBB, TIPSTER, OF NEWMARKET,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 167.

For inserting immediately under a paragraph headed "Mr. Aked's call" another with the heading "An Order from God,"

THE MORNING LEADER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 168.

For stating that if John Burns does not become Home Secretary it will be because "C.B." fears arousing the jealousy of the other labour members.

THE PEOPLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 169.

For complimenting two female witnesses on telling the truth,

THE MAYOR OF NEATH (South Wales)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 170.

For putting a printed notice in their third-class carriages that "passengers are particularly requested not to put their feet on the CUSHIONS and seats of the carriages."

THE NORTH LONDON RAILWAY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 171.

For telling its readers that on the first day of the "sales," 25,000 customers dealt at Swan and Edgar's, and that 34 miles of string were used to pack 60,000 parcels, &c., &c.

THE DAILY EXPRESS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 172.

For taking off the 7.23 train from Wimbledon because "it was always so overcrowded,"

THE DISTRICT RAILWAY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE AMERICAN GIRL IN PARIS.

(Being the letters of Miss Peggy Warrander, of Richmond, Va., to her favourite aunt.)

CHERE TANTE,—If I didn't love you with all my heart I would not be at this moment companioning with stupid old ink and paper. That I am, must be to you a proof that there dwells somewhere in my heart the loyalty of the Southerner. For am I not in Paris, Paris the gay, the beautiful, the distracting? To read, or to write, or to do anything sober and sane, seems as inconsistent at this moment as to laugh at a funeral. Perhaps you will say it is the Spring in my blood. I don't know, but it seems to me Paris must always be at the Spring. The exhilaration and elasticity of spirit one feels here is not a matter of time and season.

In crossing from London, father thought that an hour would not give him sufficient view of the Channel, so we came by Newhaven and Dieppe. I don't know what he thought might be the artistic possibilities of chalk cliffs and a choppy sea, but whatever they *might* have been dad himself couldn't have told what they *WERE*. In fact, he didn't recover until the next day. I wish someone would please explain why that little stretch of water is so turbulent. Father never thought of being sea-sick with six days of old Atlantic. I suppose it's a case of the little dog barking the loudest. And then the Channel separates England and France. It must needs be excitable. I don't know whether the international law of boundaries governs the weather bureau, but the fact remains that the day we crossed, heavy mists hung over the shores of England, and when we landed at Dieppe, the sky was clear and bright. Oh, the wild excitement of landing for the first time in a really foreign country, where everything is new and different, and like a problem to solve. That is the moment when you begin to realise how many points of view there are in life. Was it Charles the Fifth who said, "With every new language you acquire a new soul"? Well, we have found it is one thing to read a language and quite another to speak it. Helen and I have read French ever since we were in the first year of High School, but we have never heard it spoken, and for several days our eyes and ears were quite stunned with trying to catch the meaning of everything we saw and heard. But we soon came out of chaos into a half-comprehension, which is daily growing clearer.

From Dieppe to Paris was not at all like from Liverpool to London, although both journeys were through the open country most of the way. Rustic England seems to me much more beautiful than rustic France; at least, that part of France that lies between the Channel and Paris. But there is a wonderful charm, hard to analyse, about the French country. To us Americans it is its *difference* from everything we are used to. Like its people, there is something gay and warm and volatile about the very landscape. From California to Maine I have never seen that peculiar shade of green which is characteristic of the foliage here, not deep but bright, and almost artificial-looking, after the dark tones we see in mist-shrouded England.

Well, here we are, settled down in a boulevard hotel, in this city of grown-up children, and for my part I should like to pitch my tent here for many moons. It is everything I had imagined it, only more so. The boulevards, the palaces, the incomparable museums, the Bois de Boulogne, Montmartre, the Quartier Latin, all that dazzling world of animated life—surely there is no other city like it! Now am I beginning to understand Balzac, and Daudet, and Flaubert. Of course, human nature is always the same, but the points of view seem so limitless. In America we have the South and the East and the West, which are like three distinct countries, and yet between them and England, what an infinite space of ideas and beliefs. And so, from England to France. Some say we are becoming too homogeneous. Perhaps, in the cut of our clothes, but I can't imagine an American ever being like an Englishman, or an Englishman like a Frenchman. And variety is the spice of life, isn't it?

I think the first thing I noticed in Paris was the women. I suppose that's the strictly correct thing to notice, from the French point of view, but how could one help it? Of course, being an American, I have my own ideas about the ideal woman, and perhaps I would rather not rouge my lips and go to the coiffeur once a day, and resort to the hundred little artifices which women must resort to who appear always so immaculate and so fascinating. But, whatever my race, I can't help admiring that perfection of *appearance* which, with the French woman, is second nature. They have an ideal, and they live up to it. You can't imagine a Parisienne who is not dainty and *chic*. For several days

Helen and I trailed around, feeling like the man from Texas who wore a summer ulster in January in New York. We didn't seem to be in the picture at all. They say in Paris you can always tell an American woman, because she never lifts her skirt when she crosses the street, and the English woman, because she never appears interested in what she sees. They have us all ticketed, you see. Especially the "gamins." These small and very animated specimens of humanity run after the American, because he gives an astonishing "tip" (although I'm quite sure that in their hearts they despise us for that very foolishness). On the other hand, all the Ententes Cordiales to the contrary, notwithstanding, *they do not like the English*. One night, when we were all getting into a carriage, somewhere in the boulevard, two of these small dictators helped us in at a moment when dad had nothing less than a five-franc piece on his person. They were very angry, and followed us for several blocks, yelling "Roast beef" after us. (The French, you must know, have an impression that the English live on roast beef.) Speaking of the "gamin de Paris," they are certainly entitled to the palm for cleverness. Many's the pleasant half-hour they've given us at a boulevard café, with their nonsense and their impersonations, for give one of them an old felt hat without any crown, and in recompense he will pose for you as all the emperors of the world in turn. They are the only old people I have seen in Paris. They seem to me a thousand years old.

The Boulevard cafés—there is one thing Parisian which I wish we might transport without damage in shipment. To sit in the sidewalk, under shelter of an awning, and watch the world pass by, while you refresh the inner man with syrups and other beverages, more or less harmless. That's what every old wife in the world likes to do, and we're all old wives at times. At Paris you have a grandstand seat for a continual performance, and it never seems to grow monotonous.

But besides animation, we have here a consideration of beauty to which we are not accustomed, except in our classic Boston. Perhaps it is not an ideal beauty, such as could produce a Raphael grouping or a Botticelli detail, but it is a very real appreciation of beauty just the same. Who that has stood in the centre of the Place de la Concorde, and seen that magnificent panorama of perspective, where all impeding buildings and streets were sacrificed for the picture, or has crossed the golden Pont d'Alexandre to see the tomb of the modern Cæsar, has not been thrilled with a sense of harmony and consistency? To England, the practical, and America, the impetuous, these things are as yet impossible. We are grateful for Paris. It reminds us of past glories when the world had time for beauty.

And it is queer how we all are little children here. Dad disappears for long hours at a time. I suppose he is verifying the stories of old campaigners. Mother has three engagements per day at the dressmakers, all of which leaves Helen and me to *such* exploring. We are quite content to have it so. As you know, Cousin Ray came on from Nice the other day, and we have impressed him into the service of showing us Montmartre and the Quartier Latin. I'm quite sure if mother knew how *much* of Paris we had seen we'd leave to-morrow. But our letters are confidential, you know. Expect another in a day or so.

I am always your
PEGGY.

MR. CROSLAND ON WITTY-CUR'S ALMANACK.

Mr. Crosland's *New Review* improves with age. The other day he devoted two columns to an article on "The Almanack Makers," to wit "Witty-Cur" and another:—

"The number of humorists in the world appears to be two, their virginal, chaste names being Joe Witty-Cur and Young Moore. We mention Joe Witty-Cur first because he is miles ahead of his stupid brother, and does, at times, let off a luminous jape, which is exactly what Young Moore fails always to do. . . . It is true that Witty-Cur manages to keep up a moderate show of bubbling spirits right through the twelve months. . . . A somewhat curious feature of both publications is that the authors appear to regard themselves as well-known public figures, and devote quite an alarming proportion of their dates to such entries as 'Jim Crow born,' 'Witty-Cur born,' 'Young Moore born,' . . . After announcing his birth three idiot times, Young Moore might have owned up and written, with his tongue out, 'Young Moore still-born.'"

Everyone should buy the *New Review*, if only to read about Jobson and Blobson, to be followed, we trust and we throw, by F. Hobson.

A STRANGE BOOK.

BY HERBERT VIVIAN.

I have received a strange and puzzling volume, entitled "Get On or Get Out," by Peter Keary (London: Pearson. 1s.). The title made me feel giddy; the style gave me asthma; some of the sentiments affected my bile. I read on in a kind of delirium. Locomotor ataxy supervened, and I dropped the book. But it stared me in the face with its gristling blood-shot letters. I found myself thinking about it in bed, at breakfast, almost in church. I had to pick it up and read it again. For it possesses a certain haunting fascination. It is certainly an extraordinary book. Like some mysterious Oriental drug.

I think I am beginning to understand it. I am not sure. I only say: I think.

Now, the only way to convey some of the effects of this drug is to administer a few doses to my readers. Do not, please, be in too great a hurry to pish and cough and hum and damn. You may grow used to it all, as I did. Then I will try to explain the effects as quickly as possible, before reaction sets in.

"GET ON OR GET OUT."

"The way of a man lies in one of two directions.
"Which way are you going? And how quickly are you travelling in one or the other direction?"

"Every day of your life you are rubbing shoulders in 'bus, or tram, or train with some warrior or philosopher. With some man who acts better than you act, who knows more than you know."

"With little Ossars and Alexanders, and Napoleons; with little Darwins and Huxleys, and Carlyles, and Rousseaus."

"Little Napoleons sit in the same office with you or shake hands with you."

"Quiet, deep-thinking little Rousseaus drop many suggestions in your hearing."

"Has that ever occurred to you?" And so forth.

THE FIRST DIAGNOSIS.

Now then, steady. Keep quiet, if only for a moment. I know exactly how you are feeling. Remember I have just gone through it all myself, and I promise that you will feel better presently.

You resent the familiarity of the tone. Your vanity is hurt by the assumption of your inferiority. By the Lord Harry! You are not accustomed to such talk from a perfect stranger.

Presently your critical faculties are aroused. They usually are when you think you have been insulted. You quarrel with the punctuation, with the terminology, with the language. Why is there a comma after "Alexanders" and not after "Cæsars"? Is "little" intended to mean "embryonic"? Can the author really hold up a scoundrel like Rousseau to our admiration and emulation?

Lastly, what utter foolishness! Or at least, what exaggeration! How rare a thing is genius; and yet we are told that it is all round us, in the motor omnibus, and the County Council tram, and the Bakerloo tube.

You throw the book aside and muse for a moment over the peculiar atmosphere of the Tubes—that short, sharp breath (with the chill off) which accosts you as you enter the station (now transfigured by your mind into a palace of the earth elementals). Some such air is said to be present when spiritual manifestations are expected at a séance. And spiritualists will tell you that the mysterious air at a séance is in some way an echo of the "rushing mighty wind" which heralded manifestations to the Apostles at Pentecost.

There is a stray train of thought, induced by this book! Is it not like the thoughts, hallucinations, dreams (call them what you will!) induced by drugs?

You return unwillingly to the drug—I mean to the book. It occurs to you that the author was talking of potential genius; that he was preaching a kind of pantheism; that, instead of insulting you and kicking you, he was really hustling you, and telling you that everybody has the germs of genius within him, waiting to be developed; further, that Cæsars and Napoleons and Carlyles were really not so very great after all. "Little," he called them mark you. Their greatness was only comparative—perhaps accidental—at any rate, the child of efforts which are within the reach of all. Perhaps there was a subtle meaning even in the allusion to "Little Rousseaus."

After all, the man has ideas of a kind. He makes you think. He gives you uncanny sensations. Presently, you will try another dose, I know.

Now this is all very well. But I have covered a great space of paper and only succeeded in reviewing about half a page, whereas Mr. Keary favours us with 194.

But I think I have succeeded in demonstrating—at least, to my own satisfaction—that there is more in the book than meets the eye. So I will try an experiment. I will quote, with scarcely a comment, some of the passages which offended me most at the first encounter. Then I shall be

glad if some of my readers will write and say how the drug affected them on the second or third reading. Or in committee, when they talk it over.

"GET ON OR GET OUT. Don't be afraid of that phrase. It's the whole of the ten Commandments of Business rolled into five small words."

"How to LEARN TO WRITE. I remember that I once told the story of how Rudyard Kipling advised the late Guy Boothby to become a novelist. Kipling gave that advice because Boothby was a good and clever letter writer. There are two ways of writing. The one is to write as you think. The other is to write as you think you think. . . . If you wrote to me in a natural way, in an easy, best girl, your own-real-self-way, you would start your letter 'My dear Peter,' or some such way as that. . . . I am a pretty poor kind of example to hold up to you, but I always try to write things that don't require a paper pattern or a diagram to go with them. My style is the 'my-dear-Peter' style."

"WHAT KIND OF A GOOSE ARE YOU? Did you ever hear the story of the man who found a young wild goose? It isn't much of a story to read. It's a great big story to think over. . . . Napoleon was a sort of superior Brown with a superior goose mind, and he could always bag a real goose that had only a real goose way of thinking."

"WHAT AN EARTHQUAKE DID FOR ME. There was a very terrible earthquake in 1883 that devastated the Island of Ischia, near Naples. I was a junior clerk in a Liverpool office at that time. I was earning fifteen shillings a week. *Tit-Bits* was as many months old. I had contributed to *Tit-Bits* four or five articles, and been very well paid for them." (When he heard of the earthquake he went to the nearest Free Library and collected all the facts he could about earthquakes. Then he telegraphed to Newnes, "Am sending you a long article to-morrow on earthquakes.—Keary.") "That was the first telegram I ever sent and paid for out of my own pocket. But it brought me two guineas." (Then Newnes telegraphed "Come and see me.") "I went the following day. I was in a stew, I can tell you. I had never been out of Liverpool in my life. I bought a pair of gloves and lost them on the way."

"At length I got to *Tit-Bits* office, sent in my name, and was asked to wait. Mr. Newnes came out to me, and said, 'Wasn't your father able to come?'"

"I said, 'No, sir; he's been dead these ten years.'"

"He said, 'I wanted to see the Mr. Keary who has been writing some articles for me.'"

"I said, 'That's me, sir.'"

"He said, then, with a big smile, 'Oh, really, how do you do? Come into my private office,' and he held out his hand."

"I came away from that interview feeling a very big man. I had got a new start in life. An earthquake had done it for me. I was sub-editor of *Tit-Bits*."

I hope I have made it clear that Mr. Keary is a very interesting man, that he has a peculiarly graphic style of his own, and that nearly every one of his sentences or sentiments sets you thinking. Like a drug.

A PROPHETIC LAMENT.

"Our object is to put the children in every home on an equality; *we wish to bring the girls up to the level of the boys.*"—THE SUFFRAGISTS.

Ah! maiden we love to recall,

With eyes full of innocent wonder,

Your face was the mirror of all

The happiness Eve cut asunder.

You vexed no political scene,

But others you ruled, ay! in plenty;

For then you were Sweet Seventeen,

But soon you'll be Termagant Twenty!

You knew not you were but a slave,

Nor that, if you knew, you'd abhor it,

You thought we were noble and brave,

And, Gad! how we worshipped you for it!

But now you'll find out that we're mean,

That Man's world is dingy and dirty;

Good-bye to you, Sweet Seventeen,

Make room for Tyrannical Thirty!

You talked not of "rights"—such a rift

Never came in the converse between us;

You valued more Love's votive gift,

And the "rites" in the Temple of Venus.

We knelt to you then as a queen,

We were humble whene'er you were haughty;

We knew not that Sweet Seventeen

Could change into Frantic-and-Forty!

You sounded no female alarm,

Nor laboured for honours at college—

(In fact, the extent of the charm

Was due to the absence of knowledge)—

When you've seen all there is to be seen;

When you've learnt that we're shabby and shifty;

You will marvel o'er Sweet Seventeen,

As we do o'er Faddy-and-Fifty!

L'ECHO.

She's our equal now, Sweet Seventeen,

Although once she was so much above us;

When she's seen all there is to be seen,

She will loathe us too deeply to love us!

MARK LANE.

IN THE CITY.

SPIERS AND POND, LTD.

WHAT AILS THE COMPANY.

As most of our readers know, this company has been going downhill for some time past. For many years its shares stood in the front rank of desirable industrial investments. They touched 28, and are now 14. But it is of no use moaning over spilt milk, the question for shareholders is whether it is possible to restore the fortunes of the company, and recognising this, the annual meeting held last July appointed a Committee of Investigation which was to report to a meeting to be held this month. Instead of the report, the directors called together the shareholders to tell them that it was not ready, and that nothing could be said about the position of the company until the general meeting to be held in July. There were some angry protests, that was all. The meeting stands adjourned, and the shareholders remain in the dark. Under these circumstances they may thank us for telling them the real position of the company, and why it is going from bad to worse. On the face of it the statement that a committee sitting, as Mr. Javal says, several days a week for several hours each sitting, could not get together the salient facts about the business in six months is moonshine.

THE LACK OF INITIATIVE.

The company is slowly but surely dying from bad management in its broadest sense. There is no one, strong, guiding hand at the head of it. It lacks energy, initiative, due recognition of the wants, the legitimate requirements, of the public. The chairman, Mr. Javal, has been associated with the company from its inception, but whatever may have been the case in other days, he no longer gives the business that close and constant attention which it requires. He is seldom at the office more than three days a week, and then not for many hours, nor has he an efficient deputy. Mr. Freshwater has done yeoman's work for the company in years gone by, but he is no longer young, and may well be excused for lessening activity. Mr. Sneath is the general manager of the stores, an excellent accountant, but not a good business man. Behind books and figures, he leaves nothing to be desired, but it wants a different sort of man for the complex business for which a general manager of stores, such as those of Spiers and Pond, is responsible. Ever since he took over the stores they have been going down. He is without initiative or ideas. As for Dr. White, many of the departmental managers have never seen him. He might walk through the Stores and nobody would recognise him. Mr. Hopkins is Mr. Bayley's son-in-law, and is a director because Mr. Bayley is a large holder of the Ordinary shares of the company. His influence upon the course of affairs is quite nominal. Amongst the departmental managers there is more than one very competent man, but no one is given anything like a free hand. Under these circumstances, and having regard to the competition with which Spiers and Pond have nowadays to reckon, it is not to be wondered at that the business is going downhill rapidly.

THE HOTEL PROPERTIES.

At the meeting held the other day it was stated by the chairman of the company that the results for last year showed improvement. That is at once true and misleading. The improvement was entirely due to the fine weather, which went so far to make the Earl's Court Exhibition a great success. Mr. Javal and Mr. Freshwater are directors of the London Exhibitions, Limited, and the receipts found their way in some measure to Spiers and Pond in the shape of exceptional orders for supplies. Speaking broadly, the company did less well during the last six months of 1906 than in the corresponding period of 1905. It will be noted by anyone who studies the report of the recent meeting that the directors do not agree amongst themselves as to the trend of affairs. For example, Mr. Javal says that the hotels do not earn the interest on the capital outlay, and continue to show a substantial loss, whereas Mr. Sydney, in intimating his resignation, spoke of them as the best asset of the company. There is reason to believe that the hotels

account would show much better than it does if they were not charged with more than a fair proportion of the expenses of the business. As to what they are doing, one or two of them are paying, the others not. The Empire Hotel, Bath, is doing well, and Bayley's fairly well, but the others continue to lose money. The Lowestoft Hotel is a veritable sink in this respect. The Palace Hotel, Hastings, the Surbiton Hotel, the Granville Hotel at Ramsgate, all are doing badly.

THE PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT.

The committee have been, or are supposed to have been, investigating the affairs of the Company for the last six months, and they want another six months before they can indicate the real position of the company and what must be done if it is to win back prosperity. Let us hope that by the end of that time they will see daylight. There are, of course, many causes which have led to the present position, but the weakest spot in the whole organisation is the publicity department. This is the kernel of the trouble. Anyone who goes into one of the Spiers and Pond restaurants will see the walls covered with framed advertisements of different trading companies. For these advertisements so placed Spiers and Pond charge immense sums, £500 to one company, £1,000 to another. The service rendered by Spiers and Pond to the advertising concern is not limited to the publicity given to its advertisements. Spiers and Pond buy and push the stuff. That, of course, is a great service to a young business. A company like Spiers and Pond can do very much to assist a new brand of wine or cocoa, or what not, and it pays the owners to pay handsomely for the service. Nowadays, too, it is a most profitable business for Spiers and Pond. Without the large sums received under this head last year the company would not have been able to pay its Debenture interest. But this immediate gain is obtained at the cost of the business generally. The system resembles that of rubber collectors, who care nothing for the future of the tree or vine, they are tapping, being concerned only with the immediate yield. In order to push a new brand, Spiers and Pond have to displace another. The old brand has made its way into public favour, and its owners are no longer willing to pay the very high charges demanded by Spiers and Pond, and so give place to a new company which, having its way to make, agrees to pay them. The result is that Spiers and Pond stock their bars with articles the public do not want. Let us give an example. Up to a year ago one could get St. Pauli's lager beer at Spiers and Pond's bars. We need hardly say that this is a very favourite brand with the public, but suddenly Spiers and Pond ceased to sell it; they had substituted Allsopp's lager. Now their customers most of them, did not want Allsopp's, they preferred St. Pauli's. They could not get it, and so they went elsewhere, and by this substitution alone Spiers and Pond have lost hundreds of customers. The directors did not substitute the unpopular beer for the popular in ignorance. It was not a mistake of judgment to which all are liable. They knew quite well that their customers preferred St. Pauli's to Allsopp's. They ousted St. Pauli's for Allsopp's because Allsopp's paid more than St. Pauli's was willing to continue to pay. It needs only to state facts such as these to show the rotten system under which the business of this company is carried on. If the company is to recover its position its affairs must be directed by men of energy and capacity. What such men can do is shown by Lyons and Co. There they have some fifteen directors, every one of whom is a practical business man constantly going about amongst the shops to see and remedy anything that requires notice and alteration. The directors constantly meet together to discuss the affairs of the company, to suggest new departures, to make changes here and there, to knock off this unnecessary expense, to concur in that necessary expenditure, and the result is seen in ever-increasing dividends and constantly growing prosperity.

IN THE GRIP OF THE DEBENTURE CORPORATION.

We have now put before the shareholders of Spiers and Pond the salient facts connected with the position and prospects of their business. What can the shareholders do to right things? That is a question not easy to answer. What they must do if things are to be righted is obvious enough, but they are not free to act. The company has a very large Debenture issue. Last year the net profits were barely sufficient to meet the Debenture interest; soon they will be insufficient. The controlling influence in the Debenture debt is the Debenture Corporation, which has a lien upon the hotel properties. They have also a controlling influence as Preference shareholders. The bulk of the Ordinary shares are still owned by Mr. Spier, who is no longer capable of direct intervention, and has transferred his interest in trust to Mr. Javal. The present Board have offered to resign

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should the shareholders wish them to do so, but having regard to the disposition of the voting power this is a very cheap offer. It may be said that the directors are paid a very modest sum for their services, but the figures as to their emoluments are misleading. The actual fees as they appear on the last balance-sheet are very small, only £90 15s. 6d., but note the following item on the balance-sheet to March 31, 1906:—

Managerial Bonuses, 1904-5, £6,676 17s. 1d.

It would be interesting to know how much three of the directors drew out of the business last year. And the sum drawn by Mr. E. C. Javal, brother of the chairman and head of the Publicity Department, that, too, would be illuminative.

CARTER'S DEEP LEADS.

The prospectus of this company appears upon another page. The following are some of the reasons why we think the issue should be supported:—

1. The company is under respectable and responsible management.
2. The vendors do not stipulate for any cash payment.
3. The company is a parent one, and, therefore, free from the risks of a purely mining concern.
4. The acreage is sufficient to admit of the formation of a large number of subsidiary companies.
5. There is no underwriting.

The cautious investor will give due weight to these considerations.

JUNIOR ARMY AND NAVY STORES.

With reference to our article of last week upon this company we have received a large number of letters from shareholders, to which we shall refer more particularly on a future occasion. It is, of course, York House, with its wasteful and inefficient management, that is in most need of reform. Some of the branches have energetic departmental managers, and the profits of branches like Aldershot and Dublin will go some way towards counterbalancing the downward tendency of the central establishment.

The new South African loans are cheap investments, but they are a nasty knock for the market. The Stock Exchange does not want all the spare money absorbed just when business looks like improving.

The Sage v. Mazawattee case still hangs in the balance. The former company is consequently still unable to issue its report, but the directors state that the accounts, when issued, will show "an improvement" over the company's first year.

This is delightfully vague, considering that a loss of £4,345 was then experienced, and that the preference dividend was paid out of capital. The company was only formed in March, 1905, with a capital of £300,000!

Mr. W. F. Turner's appearance at the South-West Africa meeting, as a candid, but extremely kindly critic of the directors, was very amusing. Mr. Edmund Davis played his part well.

Alhambra shares are advancing on the Zancig boom. Waring and Gillows continue their downward career.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

THE ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY.—A. E. D. (Cardiff).—Yes, quite sound. PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—RECUERDO (Olapham).—You say you "have a lady friend who states that the Company refused to pay the full amount due to her on the expiration of her policy, she having to accept £5 instead of £15, and she also knows a friend who could not obtain her money when due." We are quite sure your friend must be in error. If you will send us the papers we will look into them. You should certainly continue payment of your own premiums.

UNION CONSOLIDATED TRUST, LIMITED.—DOUBTFUL (Douglas).—We should not do so.

THE BERRY UNITED DEEP LEADS.—EAGER.—You have omitted to send us your name and address.

STAPLE HILL COLLIERY COMPANY.—A READER (Fishponds).—We cannot do so unless you send us (with your name and address, which you have omitted) the particulars to which you refer.

TWO ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANIES.—ANGELICAN (Durham).—We should certainly prefer the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation. We never recommend American Insurance Companies.

BOND SYSTEM.—G. N. (Bedford).—The people you name are swindlers. Have nothing to do with their Bond system.

THE BISHOP'S CREEK GOLD COMPANY.—M. J. D. (Hull).—Do not waste your money in buying these Yankee mining shares. You appear to be a working man, but, whether or not, surely the fact that the London Agents of the company advertise that they "don't see any reason at all why the shares are not going to be worth £20 each, in fact, the way we figure out they are going to be worth £200 each," should prevent your risking your money with such people. We are surprised that the *Jewish Chronicle* inserts such pestilent advertisements.

THE POPULAR LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—BEVERLAC (Beverley).—The answer to your question is in the negative.

TASMANIAN MINES.—J. J. O. (Dublin).—We advise you to sell.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—G. N. (Leeds).—Have nothing to do with them.

DARTFORD BREWERY COMPANY.—E. T. (Newbury).—Reference was made to this matter after the meeting, and we do not know that we can usefully say more at the moment; but if you have any information of value that has not been made public, let us have it.

"ARNOLD AND BUTLER."—We have to thank many readers for copies of circulars, etc., issued by this firm.

INDUSTRIAL SHARES.—"SEA SPRAY" (Shoreham).—We do not recommend any of the investments you mention.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—A. E. M. (Bathminee).—We have frequently expressed the opinion that if people will deal with outside firms, the London and Paris is as safe as any. We do not, however, recommend Marginal Investment or Options.

JENKINSON AND CO.—T. H. (Liverpool).—This firm is thoroughly sound, and you can safely deal with them.

CUNLIFFE, RUSSELL AND CO.—"IVISON" (Hexham).—We have frequently warned our readers against this firm. Many thanks for good wishes.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—J. R. (Manchester).—If you are a regular reader of our journal, you must know that we do not recommend dealing with the firm in question.

HOMESTEADS, LIMITED.—O. E. T. (Cardiff).—They are perfectly sound and good people to deal with.

STOCK EXCHANGE FIRM.—"UNFORTUNATE" (Dulwich).—The firm you mention is of good standing; but if you will send us particulars of your transactions, we will look into them.

DIESEL ENGINES COMPANY.—GOLFER (Aberdeen).—Our answer to both questions is in the negative.

THE INTERNATIONAL SECURITY SYNDICATE, LIMITED.—M. C. (Ealing).—Our opinion of these people is not favourable.

CONTINENTAL BONDS.—H. O. (Ilford).—See previous answer.

GOLD AND COPPER MINING COMPANY.—J. E. L. (Keighley).—The American mining shares to which you refer are of no value.

INVESTMENT OF £100.—GERM (Manchester).—We should keep it in the Savings Bank for the present, and until it grows larger, or the occasion arises when you can employ it more profitably. It would hardly be worth while to remove it from where it is to put it into shares.

TWO SHARES.—HOLDS OF BOTH (London).—You have made very unfortunate selections, and we advise you to sell for what you can get.

MINING SHARES IN NEW ZEALAND.—PORTICAUL.—We cannot advise you to change these shares for the others you name. They represent a company whose record has been chequered.

ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY.—VERAX (West Hartlepool).—You do not give the name of the insurance company which has refused to renew your policy. There must surely have been some dispute between you and the company which you have overlooked.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—BRITISH (Merthyr Tydfil).—We think in dealing with the Corporation you may be certain of fair treatment.

BLITHEN GOULD.—L. B. T. (New Malden).—We are obliged by the cutting from the *Daily Mirror* in which this man offers to turn £5 into £25. Of course, he is an arrant fraud, and it is to be regretted that newspaper proprietors should consent to play into the hands of such people by accepting their advertisements.

LOMBARD ASSOCIATION.—J. F. (Sheffield).—Have nothing to do with these shares which, according to the association, are now "going to be worth £200 each."

PETERLOO HOUSE COMPANY, LIMITED.—C. T. H. G. (Southport).—Your shares are of no value.

INVESTMENT OF £200.—TUMPTI (Bowes Park).—We think your selection excellent, and we could hardly better it.

TRANSFER OF SHARES.—YVES SAR (Fell Mall).—(1) We should not advise you to transfer to Tanganyika. If the promoters of the company are to be believed, it is going to make profits beyond the dreams of avarice; but anyway, that cannot be for several years to come. Then the whole thing is very speculative. (2) Esperanzas are fully paid, and we think they are worth their present quotation.

GRASSOP EXPLORING COMPANY.—GRASSOP (Wood Green).—We do not recommend you to take over these shares.

DEALINGS WITH OUTSIDE BROKER.—PHILOU.—You have omitted to send us your name and address and the name and address of the brokers of whose conduct you complain.

THE INTERNATIONAL SECURITY SYNDICATE.—M. W. (Derby).—No. If you want these foreign bonds, apply to Messrs. N. Keyser and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C., who will obtain them for you at their market price, and will watch the drawing of the numbers and inform you if and when drawn.

INDUSTRIAL DEBTENTURES.—MEXICO (Willesden Green).—Metropolitan Property, Limited, 4½ per cent. debenture stock would give you a return at its present price of about 4½, and Gordon Hotels 4 per cent. debenture stock would give you nearly 4½.

INVESTMENT OF £110.—G. A. (Kensington).—We advise you to keep it in the Savings Bank until it has grown a little larger.

NATIONAL BENEFIT TRUST.—WILLIAM (Sunny West).—You cannot get back the full amount paid in. It would be unreasonable to expect it; anyway, the Trust is not required to make any such repayment, and does not promise to do so. If you could get a private purchaser you would no doubt get more than the office would give you, but a sale of the kind is not easy. As to whether you should continue to pay rather than bear the loss involved in sale, you say elsewhere that "you cannot keep up the payments," which would seem to be an answer to your question. We never advise purchase of these thirty years' Bonds. How can a working man be sure that he will be able to keep up the payments for thirty years, and if he has to part with the Bonds before maturity, he can only do so at heavy loss.

SPICERS AND FOND, LIMITED.—SHAREHOLDER (Bath).—Sell. Whatever the loss, it will be less than if you hold. For our reasons for saying this see article "supra."

CONTINENTAL BONDS.—CORPO (Richmond).—We do not know that we have advised against investing in these Bonds, but only against buying through Cunliffe, Russell and Co., and advertising people of that class, who charge about 30 per cent. more than the market price. If you buy, buy right out, and through respectable people like N. Keyser and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C.—J. F. J. (Birkenhead).—The amounts vary widely, and we could not possibly give you a full list. As to your second question, see the answer immediately preceding.

JUNIOR ARMY AND NAVY STORES.—SHAREHOLDER (Aldershot).—It is quite true that the Aldershot branch did excellently well last year, and the same in large measure may be said of the Dublin Branch and others. Our remarks had more particular reference to the headquarters at York House.

THE STRAUSCAR COPPER ESTATES.—COPPER (Liverpool).—No, we cannot recommend purchase of these shares. The company, both in its old and reconstructed form, has been tried and found wanting.

PEOPLE'S BANKS.

Persons interested in the subject of People's Banks should send a Post-card to

MR. THOMAS FARROW.

29, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., for a free copy of his new and instructive publication,

"THE POST OFFICE DEPOSITOR."

or, THE DISCOURAGEMENT OF THRIFT A Case for People's Banks."

IN THE COURTS.

A LEGAL REFORM.

After many years a majority of the Judges have brought themselves to agree with the Lord Chancellor that the Long Vacation shall henceforth begin on August 1 instead of, as heretofore, August 12, closing on October 11 instead of October 23. It is a trifling change, but a good many of the judges protested against it, why it is not easy to see. Their holidays are not shortened. If instead of wrangling as to whether the Long Vacation shall begin on August 12 or August 1, they had set themselves to re-arrange the circuits and recommend wider jurisdiction to the County Courts, they would have done something worth doing.

CONTRACTS IN RESTRAINT OF TRADE.

With reference to the paragraph in our issue of January 5, in which we directed attention to Mr. Justice Neville's remarks in a case where certain millers sued an ex-employee who had broken an agreement which bound him not to follow his business for five years, an indignant correspondent writes:—

SIR,—If I had any regret in reading your remarks in "In the Courts" on "Contracts in Restraint of Trade," it was that your mildness was not typical of you. Your gentle remarks may be on account of your desire not to "let go"; but I wish you would follow your usual agitative method. An injustice to you has been a thing to be wiped out, and in cases such as this your energy is required—urgently. In the reports of cases in which money-lenders and others have attempted an undue advantage of their victim, there has, fortunately, been no reluctance on the part of judges to make the law read against the persecutor. Why should it be made to read differently in the case of the miller who makes his employee sign an unconscionable and even vicious agreement upon engagement? The miller will retort, "Why does the man sign an inequitable agreement?" Yes, why, Mr. Miller? Do you think starvation is a pleasant lodger? Do you think situations "On the road" are as plentiful as grains of wheat? Do you think improvement in status to be had for looking at it? Do you think it is ever anticipated that such vile bondage can be conscientiously enforced? You are a poor, weak creature to feel the need of armed protection against your employee.

The man who suffers the rebuffs of inferior men (generally so) in the making of his business connection has the right to utilise his power for the furtherance of his commercial advancement. He has endured the pains of many business bitternesses you have never felt. He has endeavoured to satisfy all the demands you have made upon him. He has been between two fires—between the "devil and the deep sea"—the buyer and the maker. A happy sinner! The world shakes him harder than you get it. You—the arm-chair philosopher—are not expected to have any moral commercial duty towards him; poor slave! You can cast him overboard immediately you find he can be replaced, at a more convenient figure, or by another unfortunate, clever fool, who can add to the existing connection. But, in this instance, he may be cast back, like Jonah, to live—with your permission—another day.

Unfortunately, these vicious agreements are commoner than is supposed. Millers are particularly keen on this agreement.

If it be necessary to protect the miller against the traveller, then it is also urgently required that the traveller be protected against the miller.

It is not absolutely essential that a paradoxical ideal be found. The right to fair and open competition is the solution. As it stands, the employer has the power to compel his servant to sign an agreement to commit moral suicide if he leaves his employ, or if it suits the employer to discharge the servant.

JOHN BULL, you have some work to do.

Our correspondent lets himself "go," whatever may have been the case with ourselves, but his argument seems to be quite sound. Why should judges have altered, to the disadvantage of the weak, the interpretation of the Act under which these millers proceeded? No trader ought to be permitted to prevent an ex-servant from following his calling for five years on the pitiful plea that it might be prejudicial to his (the trader's) interest, and since the judges have twisted the law to sanction this injustice, Parliament cannot too soon amend the law so that such tyranny may be rendered impossible.

PREVENTION OF CORRUPTION ACT.

This Act came into force on January 1st, and already there is much disputation as to what it means. The Attorney-General has said that it is not retrospective, and yet it says that "any agent or employee who after the passing of this Act—on August 4th—shall corruptly accept any gift," etc. If it is not retrospective, how can a prosecution be instituted on account of transactions previous to January 1st, although subsequent to August 4th? A correspondent of the *Morning Post* says that if you insert certain words it will be all right; but how are they to be inserted when Parliament did not put them into the Act? Probably Mr. Crisp is right when he says that Clause I., sub-section 1, of the Act contemplates two offences: the one if an agent corruptly accepts, after January 1st, 1907, any gift as an inducement for doing, etc., any act, etc., after January 1st, 1907, and the other if an agent corruptly accepts any gift, etc., after January 1st, 1907, for having after the passing of the Act (August 4th) done or forborne to do any act, etc. But why not have made the meaning clear by inserting the word "commencement" instead of "passing"?

For the rest, the Act is not likely to have much effect one way or the other. The fiat of the Attorney or Solicitor General is necessary before a prosecution can be instituted,

and they will not give their fiat lightly. The truth is, much nonsense has been talked about secret commissions. When a man in the employment of others takes a secret commission which injures his employers, he ought to be punished. For example, if he has certain goods to buy for them, and gives a higher price than he could have got the same goods for elsewhere, and does so because he gets a secret commission, he is a thief. But what if, as often happens, he can get equal value for his employer's money from two or three firms, and one firm offers him a commission and the others do not? Where is the harm of his giving the order to the firm which gives him a commission? It will be said that he will be influenced to the injury of his firm by the promise of the commission; but this by no means necessarily follows. The late Lord Russell of Killowen used to be fond of dilating upon the wickedness of secret commissions, but how often did he pocket high fees to conduct a case without putting in an appearance? Two wrongs do not make a right, but Parliament can no more prevent the payment of commissions than it can stop usury.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

We only undertake to answer short legal questions in this column. In all cases where complicated questions, involving the consideration of documents, are put to us a fee of 5s. must accompany the inquiry.

Queries are requested to write on one side only of the paper, and to write separate questions on separate slips of paper.

FISHING RIGHTS.—GATE (Kingwear).—An injunction lies. They cannot extract from the river so great a quantity of water as to interfere with the fishing rights.

FALSE IMPRISONMENT.—LESLIE (Lincoln).—The remedy is an action for false imprisonment. You should prove the malice; that enhances the damages.

SALE OF POST-CARDS.—BELL (Reading).—You will fail in proceedings to restrain the sale of postcards. Had you not consented to the sitting on the terms suggested it would have been otherwise.

THE KING'S PROCTOR.—LEA (Tunbridge Wells).—Unless the King's Proctor intervenes the decree will be made absolute in the usual way. You cannot marry again until after the decree has been made absolute.

SHARE REGISTER.—DRAGON (Cologne).—Have the share register searched. If what you fear has taken place, you must apply to have your name reinstated. The directors will probably require you to take proceedings.

ACTION FOR DAMAGES.—BLAKE (Lincoln).—See the recent decision in the case tried before Mr. Justice Lawrence. You should take action for damages.

CORONER'S JURY.—CLAUDE (Forest Hill).—You are bound to serve on the coroner's jury. Claim exemption from the jury list at the next revision.

PRESUMPTION OF DEATH.—FOX (St. Leonards).—Apply to the court for leave to presume the death.

LIABILITY FOR INCOME-TAX.—WOOD (Naples).—Notwithstanding the fact that the company is registered abroad, the control is in London, and income-tax is payable, the company being resident within the United Kingdom.

INCOME-TAX ASSESSMENT.—DOD (Southend).—For the purposes of income-tax assessment, the sum cannot be deducted from the trade profits.

LICENCE AND COMPENSATION.—KENT (Streatham).—The licence will remain in force and the house will not be closed until the compensation has been assessed and paid.

LATENT DEFECT.—VIVIAN (Dulwich).—The accident was occasioned by a latent defect that could not have been ascertained. There is no liability.

A CORRECTIVE AFFIDAVIT.—CLAXTON (Epping).—Apply for probate for so much of the estate as has been discovered. A corrective affidavit can be filed when the full value is ascertained.

PROVISIONS OF DEED.—WIDOW (Fulham).—If the provisions of the deed were not fully explained to you, and you had no independent advice, you can get the deed set aside.

PAYMENT OF FARE.—LANE (Littlehampton).—The terms upon which the ticket was issued appear not only on it, but in the handbills you mention. You must pay the fare demanded.

A CHARGING ORDER.—FARRELL (Highbury).—Attach the shares by a charging order. You cannot get an order for sale until the expiration of six months from the date of the charging order.

GROUNDS OF APPEAL.—HEWES (Halesmere).—Give notice to the clerk to the Assessment Committee, and set out the grounds of appeal. If unsuccessful before the Committee, your remedy is appeal to Quarter Sessions.

SECRET COMMISSION.—GOODFRIEND (Birmingham).—A secret commission cannot be retained as against the principal. You cannot avoid liability.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT.—ROBERTS (Siddoup).—Apply for a patent, and put the matter in the hands of a good patent agent. Take out the foreign patent also.

POWER OF ATTORNEY.—WHIGH (Flushing).—A power of attorney is necessary, and must be executed according to the formalities required in respect of deeds executed abroad. Lodge it with the company.

DEBENTURE SECURITY.—WALTON (Carlisle).—The debenture does not require registration as a bill of sale.

PROSECUTION FOR LIBEL.—BREWSTER (Kensington).—There are grounds for a criminal prosecution for libel. Consult a solicitor.

ADMINISTRATION OF ESTATE.—THOMAS (Ockham).—Originating summons for administration of the estate in Chancery is the proper remedy.

ACCEPTANCE OF LEASE.—CLIFF (Walthamstow).—Having regard to the wording of the agreement for the lease, you are only bound to accept an ordinary lease of a dwelling house, with such covenants as are usual. The covenant objected to cannot be inserted.

LIABILITY FOR LOSS.—L. M. (Mile End).—You are liable for the loss, and must make good the article or pay its value. If you let the owner take proceedings she will have to prove the value. This would probably be your best course if they refuse a reasonable offer. If they take proceedings you should pay into court the sum you offer, and if the judge awards no more you will get costs.

REVOCATION OF ORDER.—The man should apply to the same court, but to a different magistrate, to revoke the order, and he can do this on payment of the court fees, though it would be best for him to employ a solicitor.

REDRESS FROM LANDLORD.—E. O. (Gower Street).—The tenant has no means of redress unless there was a specific covenant on the part of the landlord that the house was dry. The best course is to call in the inspector of nuisances and get him to serve a notice on the landlord to remedy the evil. In that case you should take care that you are not yourself bound to do the work under your lease.

BANKRUPTCY DISCHARGE.—ENQUIRER.—The discharge has evidently been postponed, though you do not know it, and there is nothing further to be done.

RELEASE FROM AGREEMENT.—D. S. (Muswell Hill).—You can only get out of the agreement by being released by the landlord, or by assigning the lease to someone else. If you have agreed to payment in advance you must do so.

BILL OF COSTS.—W. O. (Gravesend).—You should employ another solicitor to get your bill of costs from the first one taxed, and you should then demand an account of all moneys received in respect of the action. Before doing this inform your present solicitor of your intention.

RECOVERY OF DEBT.—KMER (Thornton Heath).—All you can do is to sue for the debt and get judgment with an order for payment by regular instalments.

DOMICILE.—H. P. (Newcastle).—You say that your father, though a Dane, has been in England since he was 13, but you don't say where you were born. If you were born in England or in any other part of the British Dominions, you are an Englishman, and no one can deprive you of that right. All children of foreigners are British if born under the British flag.

CLAIM FOR RENT.—A. R. (Harringay).—The rent cannot now be recovered as the father left no property, and there is, therefore, no one against whom proceedings could be taken.

SOLICITOR'S COSTS.—A. W. (The solicitor's charges are settled by the rules of the county-court, and depend on the amount for which the action is brought. The fee is 15s. under £20, and 21s. under £50.

LETTER OF NOTICE.—HAD SOME. As a manager you might be entitled to longer notice than that given to a salesman; but unless there is some recognised custom in your trade we doubt if you would be successful. You might, however, claim a month's notice, and ask for salary in lieu of that.

CREDITORS' CLAIMS.—ROMA (Bucks).—No creditor has any claim against you after the bankruptcy, and you are released from them all. That will not prevent your paying anyone you wish to, and a part payment will not bind you to pay more, as all that you pay is in the nature of a gift. The omitted creditor can complain, but can do nothing more. If your wife takes out a policy she is entitled to the proceeds.

RIGHT TO ROADWAY.—ZAMPA (Manchester).—You are not entitled to place anything in the roadway. You should communicate with the Council.

SEIZURE OF GOODS.—A. R. (Norwich).—The bailiff is not entitled to take the lodger's goods if the lodger gives him notice under the Lodgers' Goods Protection Act that the goods are his and that no rent is overdue.

ENFORCEMENT OF WILL.—G. S. (Islington).—The will would prevail in England, and the brother would not be entitled to anything, as foreign law could not be enforced here.

LEGITIMATION OF CHILD.—G. P. G. (Jersey).—The law is different in England, and a child born out of wedlock cannot under any circumstances be made legitimate.

SALE OF PROPERTY.—JOHN B. (Yes, if you make an offer and another person accepts it, the contract is complete, and you can be forced to carry it out on a tender being made to you of the money.

DETERMINATION OF TENANCY.—H. E. F. (Batham).—Your interpretation of the law is wrong on all points, and although we admit that many persons act as you suggest in regard to tenancies, if you go to the expense of taking counsel's opinion you will find that our view is the right one.

THE TERM "NEPHEW."—Y. P. (Richmond).—You do not send the actual wording of the will, but from what you say it appears to us that the nephews must all share, as the term "nephew" includes those of half-blood as well as whole blood. As regards your other question, the doctor can enforce his claim.

ENFORCEABLE AGREEMENT.—F. H. (Gateshead).—It seems to us that the covenant no longer be enforceable, as the firm with whom it was made has ceased to exist. It might, however, be otherwise if the present proprietor had agreed to buy all the rights of the old firm.

LANDLORDS AND SMOKE CHIMNEYS.—SOOTY (Liscard).—The defective chimney is not a ground on which you would be entitled to leave the house. You have taken the house for better or worse, and must either remedy the defect yourself or put up with it.

LICENSE FOR BANKS.—YACHT (Richmond).—Yes, the banks to which you refer must have a license, the cost of which is £30 a year. Banker is defined in the Stamp Act, 1891, s. 29, as any person (including company) carrying on the business of banking in the United Kingdom.

REGISTRATION OF CONVEYANCE.—OUMARS (West Norwood).—The conveyance requires registration in the Land Registry.

SECURITY FOR COSTS.—PRIZE (Holland Park).—An order will probably be made for security of the costs of the appeal. Probably £50 will be the sum fixed.

CHANCES OF APPEAL.—JACKSON (Staines).—Your counsel gives you hope of a successful appeal. Certainly, follow his advice.

ROMANCE OF A DOUBLE-BASS.

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF ANTON CHEKHOV.

BY J. PETRIKOVSKY.

Bowman, the musician, was on his way from town to Count Bibulov's country house, where a musical evening and a ball were to take place in honour of the engagement of the Count's daughter. Bowman carried an enormous double-bass in a leather case on his back. He walked beside the bank of the river, whose waters rolled poetically, if not majestically, along. It was a beautiful summer evening, and Bowman, divesting himself of his clothes, plunged into the river. Not a living soul was to be seen in the neighbourhood, and our musician, who was a splendid swimmer, made a few powerful strokes, and passing down stream was surprised before long by the sight of a beautiful girl on the steep bank, fishing. She was to all appearance asleep, and the fishing line was firmly fixed between her knees. Bowman was lost in admiration of this sleeping beauty, and felt he could not go away without leaving some token of his presence for this heavenly vision. He plucked some water lilies, arranged them in a bouquet, and then returned with some haste to the spot where he had left his clothes. Alas! they had disappeared! His silk hat and the instrument alone remained.

He recollected that beyond the bushes there was a bridge where he could secrete himself for the moment, and later, under cover of darkness, he could make his way to the nearest house and procure some clothing. So, wearing his silk hat and nothing else, if we except the double-bass which he carried on his back, Bowman hastened along, looking for all the world like an eccentric demi-god of some old-world myth.

Reaching the bridge, he sheltered himself amid its dense shadows, where we will leave him awhile to return to the

sleeping beauty on the bank. Waking from her short, sweet slumber, she attempted to draw in the line, but found that she could not do so; the hook had evidently become entangled in something. Not in the least put out, this eccentric young woman calmly undressed and jumped into the water. She succeeded in releasing the hook, and returned to the bank. The same scoundrels who had stolen the musician's clothes had been there also, and had departed, leaving nothing but the tin of bait.

The girl was overwhelmed with despair; but only for a few moments. She, too, bethought herself of the little bridge where she might hide till nightfall, when she could easily run to old Stepanida's cottage and send the woman home for some garments.

Crouching along the ground amid the tallest grass she could find; she was about to hide herself under the shadowy arch of the bridge when she became aware of another presence there, whose flowing hair suggested that he might be an artist. She fainted away.

Bowman was no less alarmed, taking the visitor for a nymph at least, who had come, perhaps, to lure him to a watery grave. Whilst he was meditating whether to fly this new danger or face his fate like a man, the supposed nymph opened her eyes, and exclaimed pitifully:

"Don't kill me! I'm Princess Bibulov, and my people will pay a large ransom for me. I went into the water to release my fishing line and thieves came and stole my clothes."

"Noble Princess," replied Bowman, with respectful sympathy, "I'm in a similar plight; and, what is worse, the heartless wretches have taken away my resin." Double-bass players are, as a rule, slow to reason things out, but our hero was a pleasant exception.

"Madam," he continued, after a short pause, "would you like to hide yourself in the case of my instrument and shut the lid? Then you will not be able to see me."

So saying, he removed the double-bass, and the Princess, *volens volens*, slipped into the case, and the musician fastened the straps round it, exclaiming triumphantly:

"And now, madam, as soon as it gets dusk, I will carry you to the nearest cottage, procure some clothes, and bring you safely home. The double-bass I will fetch later."

An hour later Bowman commenced his journey. The case was rather heavy, but the hope of a princely reward lent him strength, and even sufficient breath to ask his precious charge, in the manner of a cavalier paying court to the queen of the ball:

"Are you comfortable, madam? Pray make yourself at home."

He had not proceeded very far when he suddenly observed two figures walking rapidly along the lane. He was certain they were carrying the stolen clothes. Leaving the case in the middle of the road, he ran after them as hard as he could, shouting at the top of his voice:

"Stop, thief! Stop, thief!"

The thieves burst into a run and vanished into the darkness, followed by the musician.

The poor Princess, left alone, listened anxiously for his return. Suddenly she heard voices, and the sound of footsteps. Several people were approaching. The new arrivals were none other than Bowman's comrades—Zhuchkov, the flutist, and Sokolov, the clarinet player—on their way to Count Bibulov's house.

"A double-bass!" exclaimed the first, "and, if I mistake not, the property of our friend Bowman."

"Perhaps he drowned his thirst in the river," remarked the second. "In any case, we cannot leave the instrument in the road."

So saying, he hoisted the case, with its unhappy tenant, on to his back, and they proceeded on their way.

"Devilish heavy!" grumbled the clarinet player. "I would not play on such an instrument for all the money in the world."

Ere long they arrived at the Count's house, put down the burden in the space assigned to the orchestra, and hurried to get some refreshments.

The Princess's fiancé was chatting to his future father-in-law on the subject of music.

"I had a personal acquaintance in Naples," Councillor Lakeich, the fiancé observed, "with a fiddler who could play Strauss waltzes to perfection. I took a few lessons from him, and am now able to perform Liszt's Rhapsodies on this instrument," indicating the double-bass.

"You are joking!" cried the Count, and forthwith they went to the orchestra. Councillor Lakeich unfastened the straps of the case, opened the lid, and—

The finale of this musical impromptu may be left to the reader's imagination.

LITERATURE, LIMITED:

OR

AN "EXTRAORDINARY" GENERAL MEETING.

BY WILLIAM H. MAAS.

"Owen Hall Limited," is formed primarily to exploit musical comedies written by Mr. Owen Hall, the well-known author of such works.—*Daily Paper*.

(The scene is a room in a City hotel used for company meetings. It is filled to overflowing with ladies and gentlemen, the shareholders of a recently formed company to exploit the literary, dramatic, and poetical output of a distinguished author. He is seated, in a state of feverish anxiety and wan perturbation, on the right of the Chairman, who has just risen to his feet to address the meeting.)

THE CHAIRMAN (smiling with nervous affability): Ladies and gentlemen, may I first of all express to you the honour I feel in acting as your chairman? The distinguished member of an honourable profession (pointing airily at the author, who twists uneasily in his seat), in whose welfare and good health, and capacity for tireless industry of a lucrative nature—(cheers)—we are all so intimately concerned, has long been personally known to me, and I am sure you will subscribe to my expression of warmest esteem for him both as a private gentleman and a public company. During the past financial half-year the Company's literary output has been extremely satisfactory. His society novel, though involving certain law costs owing to the unfortunate nature of its contents, has supplied the text for the sermon of more than one eminent divine, and has been repeatedly asked for, twice at a circulating library, the name of which I am not permitted to disclose. The two books the Company wrote in the autumn, while not running into a second edition as was anticipated, are still commanding a brisk sale at a—er—slightly reduced price. (A few shareholders become restless.) Owing to the extended phase of commercialism through which the country is passing, poetry—(sensation)—has not commanded the steady prices looked for. The sluggish peace into which the nation has unhappily fallen, has had the worst effect on patriotic verse—for which no quotation can be obtained. What is technically known as "occasional verse" is asked for so occasionally as to be hardly worth fabricating. But it is satisfactory to know that should a call arise for the rhymed article, our distinguished Company will be able to more than meet the public demand from the poetical stock already scheduled in the Company's Reject Vaults. The current rates for topical newspaper and magazine articles is well maintained, and it is confidently expected that our Company, though hitherto so unfortunate in his choice of subjects as to be invariably forestalled by more rapid writers, will, by making this branch of literary enterprise his special study, achieve important results in the near future. Of the dramas which have come from our Company's fertile pen during the past six months, no less than three have been read by leading London managers—(loud bursts of applause)—and it is reassuring to know that their rejection, couched in the most courteous terms, was merely for some slight technical difficulty impossible to overcome, and *not*, ladies and gentlemen, on account of their lack of literary merit. Of the Company's short stories, it is premature to speak. No less than fifty are, to become technical again, "going the rounds," and it is hoped that within the year, five per cent. at least will have been printed—if not paid for. One of our leading publishers, recognising the great ability of the gentleman in whom we all have shares, has commissioned him to write a Romance of North Polar Life for the coming summer, an excellent offer which, of course, has been accepted. But as gathering materials for the "atmosphere" and local colour will necessitate equipping a modest expedition, profits from the book cannot be expected to accrue to the Company's funds until the thirty-eighth edition has been disposed of. The verbal performance of our Company has totalled the astounding figure of 6,552,000 words, or an average output of close on 6,000 words a day. Truly a noteworthy performance. From this remarkable industry earnings have been made of £271 4s. 8½d., while the value of the stock of MSS. in hand is written off at £6,000,000. So that you will see, ladies and gentlemen, that your Company, in spite of the fact that it has been thought prudent not to declare a dividend, is in a thoroughly sound and flourishing state. (Sits down amid menacing silence.)

A SHAREHOLDER (rising and pointing to a paper he holds): I should be glad to know, sir, what the £1,000 refers to on the Dr. side of the Company's balance-sheet.

CHAIRMAN: As the Company's health has lately suffered through an unhappy fracas with his chauffeur, who, I am glad to be able to assure you, has been ignominiously dis-

missed—(cheers)—sacked, I may say—(renewed cheers)—it is intended to set aside the sum in question to meet medical attendance and a proposed trip to the South of France for the complete restoration of your Company's distraught nerves. In the interests of the stock holders, I myself shall accompany—the—er—Company.

SECOND SHAREHOLDER: I really think, sir, the earnings should have been greater. I understand Mr. Kip—

CHAIRMAN (rising resentfully): The work of our Company must be regarded as an investment, and not as a speculation.

THIRD SHAREHOLDER: I observe, Mr. Chairman, that the sum of one hundred guineas is debited to the Company under the heading of Depreciation. Does this mean, sir, that the Company's health is not so good as formerly?

CHAIRMAN: Not at all, sir. Nothing could be more satisfactory. Of the sum referred to, thirty guineas was for treatment of the Company's throat, which became overstrained from the effort of declaiming his poems, "Latter-Day Lilts," into the phonograph, and ten guineas for emollients for "dictator's throat," the up-to-date equivalent of "writer's cramp." The remaining sum is for nerve tonics and brain cereals.

FOURTH SHAREHOLDER: Since the distinguished author became a company he has moved from 498, Squawled Road, Brixton, to a princely mansion in Mayfair. (Derisive laughter.) The Company's wife is known to possess three Paquin dresses and an electric landaulette. Now, sir, I ask you—(Cries of "Order!" "Order!" during which the shareholder is hushed into effectual suppression.)

CHAIRMAN: Gentlemen, I must point out that these personal animadversions not only cruelly wound the susceptibilities of our Company, but are peculiarly painful to one of his quiveringly sensitive artistic temperament. Please consider that by making these references you are threatening the earning capacity of your Company, and jeopardising a going concern. I must ask you to adopt the Company's report without further demur. (After several evictions, altercations, storms of violence and abuse, in which *mêlée* one of the Company's eyes is blacked and his lip abraded, the report is adopted.)

OPTIMUS.

Nay; start not friend to loudly cry
Your wares; I do not mean to buy;
Although they're cheap at two a penny,
As I want none they're dear as any:
But when your stand this morn I passed,
Bananas high your basket massed,
The same full number still is there
As I did see before, I swear:
Your sales appear to be just nil,
Yet gay and joyful are you still,
Your smile illumines all the fruit
That gleams as yellow as your suit
That once was black, as soon will be
Your bright bananas, I can see.
Now, friend, come show to me quite plain,
Your secret talisman; for pain
Should be your portion, selling naught.
If you're not dismal, well, you ought
To be, for half your boots are gone,
Your hat is but the brim alone.
No doubt your collar, cuffs, and tie,
You're saving till a shirt you buy;
Your hair's uncut, your beard's untrimmed,
Your features are with grime bedimmed:
From crownless hat to boot that leaks
'Tis poverty that sternly speaks.
No cash is in your pockets put
Because no pockets boasts your suit;
Your life depends your sales upon,
Yet now, although your sales are none,
You laugh, and smile, and bawl in glee—
Explain this mystery to me.
Ah, sir!—the costermonger said—
For years I've sought to earn my bread
In devious callings, various trades,
That proved but adventitious aids
To me and my dear wife and child:
No wonder that just now I smiled,
For, gazing at the pile of fruit
In which my capital is put,
I saw that if no greater speed
I sold it at, I had indeed
Now passed my time of woe and strife
And got, at last, a job for life.

J. McD. BURNETT.

FOR JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. BULL.

[Mrs. Bull will be pleased to receive, from her women readers, suggestions and contributions for this page.]

THE TELL-TALE DOG.

There is a touch of humour about the following little story which, I think, is good enough to be passed on. A friend of mine lately had cause to dismiss her "general" for a very common failing. The woman should have been in a home for inebriates, not a family kitchen. Evening after evening she came home the worse for drink, always denying that she had "touched a drop," but bearing with her the undeniable effluvia of the public-house. On her walks abroad she was invariably accompanied by her mistress's Irish terrier, Jack, an alert, sagacious little creature, who, on Anne's departure, immediately transferred his affections to her successor, with whom he now walks out. The new girl, in talking to her mistress the other day, and commenting on the dog's good behaviour, remarked that there was one thing she could not understand about Jack. "He follows so well," she said, "but he puzzles me in one thing. I cannot get him past the saloon bar. He always crosses the road and stops there, as if he expected me to go in and have a drink." The explanation is obvious. The girl's mistress laughed and told her for the first time of her predecessor's failing.

A NOVEL CHRISTMAS TREE.

Talking of the terrier reminds me of a Christmas tree prepared just recently in honour of her dogs and cats by a lady living in Kensington, the gifts consisting of sugar, biscuits, sponge cake, chestnuts, and other delicacies pleasing to the palate of her pampered pets. Last year I heard of a birds' Christmas tree, which was much appreciated by the London sparrows.

HAIR PINS.

It is said that the manufacturers of table mustard make their fortunes not by what is eaten but by the mustard that is left on plates. Probably a similar form of argument may be applied to the makers of hair-pins, which little toilet accessories women shed by the dozen, the lost ones making up the manufacturer's pile. I remember reading somewhere that when Zola was in England he remarked that he had picked up on the pavement no fewer than one hundred and seventy-five hair-pins in one week! When he expressed to a well-known English author his surprise at the large number of hair-pins cast off by the *jeunes filles* of England, his friend laughingly assured him that it was "entirely a question of district." This sounds odd, but the inference is that in certain suburbs where girls dress their hair loosely, more cast-off hair-pins will be found than in the districts where fashion is on a smarter, neater scale. In thinking over the matter, too, it is readily understood that in fashionable areas, where the residents daily put themselves into the hands of expert maids or professional hair-dressers, the loss of hair-pins in the streets is trifling, more especially as the rich woman sallies forth in her motor and seldom walks.

AN INVESTMENT FOR WOMEN.

From all accounts Canada is the coming country, and any woman with some surplus money at her disposal, looking about for an investment, might do worse than buy a piece of land in Winnipeg and sell it later on to a builder, or build on it herself. She can purchase through one of the "Real" Estate Agents out there, and have the deeds forwarded home to her; but of course it is advisable to have a friend in the neighbourhood, who will see to the transaction. There is nothing like notes and impressions from those on the spot, and from more than one source out there I hear that Canada is in a state of unparalleled prosperity, and offers good openings for sons and daughters with brains, energy, and adaptability. An enterprising girl who went out there about eighteen months ago, with a view to making her fortune by farming, after having gazed long and deeply at the giant fruits and vegetables labelled "grown in Canada" that confronted her in the West-End, found, on arrival, that her schemes were not quite workable, so forthwith devoted herself to other matters, and has since bought some land in Winnipeg on which she intends to build immediately. The disappointments that so often result from emigration are due to the fact that the wrong sort of people are shipped off, buoyed up with fairy tales of easily-won fortunes.

WE HAVE RECEIVED an excellent selection of diaries, adapted to all purposes, from John Walker and Co., publishers, of Farringdon House, Warwick Lane, E.C.

FOR INDIGESTION

Biliousness, Constipation,

Headache, Wind, Nausea,

Anæmia, & Woman's Ills.

Indigestion and biliousness are perhaps the greatest affliction of the human race, and constipation, wind, headache, and anæmia their natural consequences. They are the ailments you must specially guard against, for they strike at the very foundation of your well-being, poison your blood, and weaken your constitution. When that happens anything may follow, for a weakened constitution cannot resist the ever-present germs of disease. Your safeguard is Mother Seigel's Syrup. It tones your stomach, liver, and bowels, cleanses your system and renews your constitution. That is why it cures indigestion and all the ills that follow in its train.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

"I used to suffer dreadfully from indigestion. I lost all appetite, and there was always a nasty taste in my mouth. When I did force myself to eat I was certain to be tortured afterwards with pain at my stomach. Wind used to press round my heart, and cause, oh, such a sinking, fainting feeling, as if all the life were going out of me. I suffered terribly from headaches, with sometimes a dizzy, whirling sensation, and there was nearly always a pain in my back between the shoulders. Mother Seigel's Syrup was the first thing to do me any good. The effect was almost immediate. All the pain went away, my appetite returned, and soon I was quite cured."—From Mrs. K. MATTOCKS, 25, Haven-lane, Ealing, London, W., July 20, 1906.

is the

SUPREME CURE

The 2/6 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/1½ size.

JOHN BULL'S POST-CARDS.

[JOHN BULL drops a few post-cards to some of his friends and acquaintances.]

To Mr. C. H. Baker, of the Tooting Slate Club.

Dear Brother,—It isn't any use my saying that I hope you enjoyed yourself at Lyons, for I'm sure you did not. What with one thing and what with another, you must have felt anxious. However, you need be anxious no more, dear brother. All is forgiven. You have resumed the Bible lessons, and the psalms, and the hymns, and the spiritual songs.

Yet, dear brother, I do not profess to understand things. You see there was a Slate Club, and when the slaters called for their money at Christmas you were not there. You had gone and left no address. Then there is the Savings' Bank, and the £4,000 invested capital in that has gone also. Associated with you was a Board of Governors. I do not know what the Board of Governors have been doing. Certainly they have not been governing, or you, dear brother, would hardly have had your methods of book-keeping put to so sore a trial. But trouble was sent to try us, brother. Why should we fly away from it through the darkness on the wings of the wind unto the far lands, so that none knoweth whither we go? We should gird on the armour of innocency, brother, quit us like men, and be strong.

The sorrowful story, as I gather it from the accounts of the brethren, is that your own money got so mixed with the money of the Slate Club and the Savings' Bank that you did not know which was which. You have been paying eight per cent. interest on the Savings' Bank deposits; and when you went to realise the gilt-edged securities in which the capital had been invested, the broker was unable to offer you more than waste-paper price for them. They must have been gilt-edged securities, of course, because you were dealing with trust funds, and the Governors would never have consented to their investment in any others. There is therefore no harm in your revealing the nature of those securities, brother. It would lighten our understanding so much if we knew.

Unreservedly I accept the statement of your many good friends that your integrity is as unimpeachable as your piety. You have administered the affairs of the Savings' Bank and the Slate Club to encourage thrift. You have given eight-per-cent. simple and compound interest to depositors in a spirit of Christian endeavour, and you have resumed the Bible lessons. The Governors will make good the deficiency in the gilt-edged securities, to prove their confidence in you. Verily, all is well, brother. And yet is there nothing more to explain, seeing that the Institute of which the Slate Club and the Bank formed part, was in receipt of a grant of public monies? Think it over, brother; or, if you prefer, pray for light.

JOHN BULL.

To the Influenza Demon.

Sir, or more probably Madam,—I have the honour of acknowledging your recent visit, and beg the favour that it may not be repeated immediately. Being of a charitable nature, and having been taught in my infancy that all existing institutions (not even excepting the House of Lords) have their uses in the cosmic scheme, I suppose I must thank you for the courtesy of your call. But, like a burglar or a doctor, you have left me very weak. Being, however, a philosopher, I thank you for the opportunity you have afforded me of imbibing old sherry, strychnine, quinine, and other luxuries. You have also afforded me a convincing excuse for abstaining from work, and I am one of those who "ates work and 'ates them wot likes it." If I may venture to offer a suggestion, it will be that you should seek change of air. England is not salubrious for tyrants, Papists, Socialists, or any other predatory persons. Why, then, should it offer you a welcome?

Go, I beg, and visit Peter the Regicide, whom you will find an appropriate object for your attentions.

JOHN BULL.

Reader Harris, Esq., K.C., 51, North Side, Clapham Common.

Learned Sir,—My sympathy is with you. But after all, you cannot expect gratitude in this world; not even from the criminal classes. You are that strange product, a religious lawyer. You plead in court, and you preach in the pulpit, and I have no doubt that your sermons are good. The late Sam Waddy, Q.C., used to preach excellent sermons; he was so good that they edified even brother Lockwood.

But this is neither here nor there. For fifteen years you have maintained a Mission Hall in Battersea, and among your congregation are many persons whom the police keep their eye on. Like General Booth, you have converted burglars; you have also assisted them to lead honest lives. What was the text of your last sermon? Was it "Lay not up for yourself treasure on earth where moth and rust doth corrupt and thieves break in and steal"? In any case, when you awoke the other morning you discovered that burglars had entered your dwelling-place through the dining-room window, swept the sideboards of the silver, knocked the tops off the cruet glasses, and, seeing a large illuminated quotation from the Scriptures facing them, turned its face to the wall.

The legal-ethical point for you to consider now is whether you will seek judgment on these ungrateful burglars. I need not point out what is demanded. If one steal your coat, you should give him your cloak also; and, by parity of reasoning, you should advertise that those who took your silver may on application have your gold also. But the question is for your decision, not mine. Personally, I think I should be inclined to forget that I was a Christian, and remember only that I was a lawyer.

JOHN BULL.

To the Sixty Wives of the Late Shah of Persia.

Ladies,—Peace be unto you. My condolences and my sympathy. Far be it from me to interfere in your personal arrangements, but may I ask what you propose to do with yourselves now that every one of you is a widow? What is the custom of the country? Does the new Shah take you all over as a going concern, independent of age or beauty, does he take his choice among the lot and give the rest of you away, are you shunted on to the pension list and thrown upon the rates and taxes according to constitutional precedent, or are you to let or for sale singly, all together, or in assorted lots? Excuse these rather familiar questions, but I should be exceedingly sorry if you had to leave your happy home, where I am told you recline on golden couches, prop yourself up with diamond-studded pillows, and eat bon-bons all the livelong day.

The late Shah used to leave most of you at home when he travelled, I believe. Even if you had come to Europe with him, he would have had to take you out by batches in turns, for it would have been unreasonable of him to ask the authorities to widen the streets. Do the best you can for yourselves. Should everything else fail, and you are still as young and pretty as you ought to be, come to London, especially if you have any money, and no doubt we shall be able to find husbands for you. Wishing you a happy New Year,

JOHN BULL.

ONLY 346 MORE DAYS.

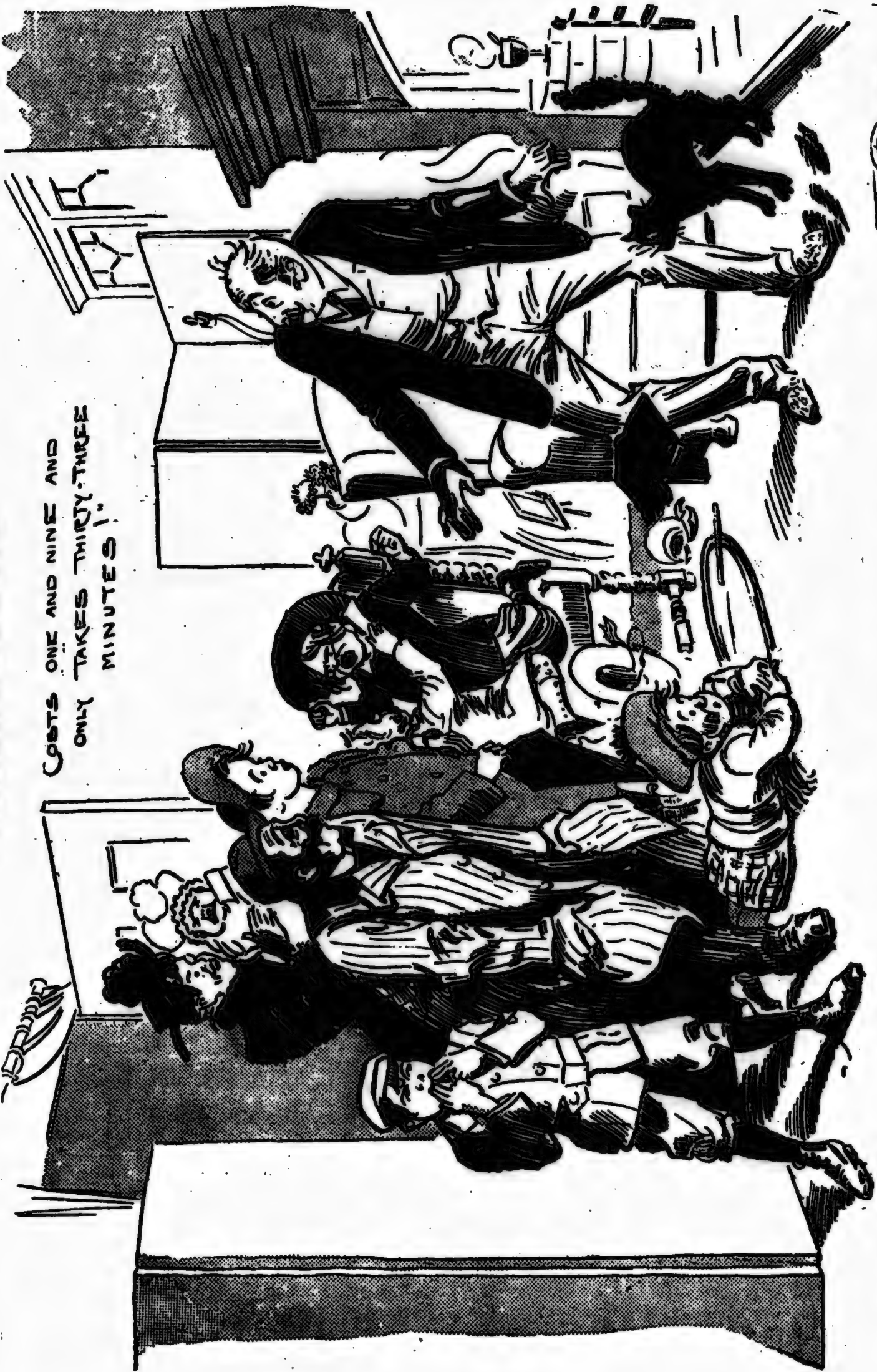
WITTY-CUR'S ALMANACK.

Price SIXPENCE, Nett. By Post, SEVENPENCE.

Edited by JIM CROW, Esq.

"TUBERCULOSIS."

COSTS ONE AND NINE AND
ONLY TAKES THIRTY-THREE
MINUTES!



Thos. Downey.

TO THE EDITOR, DEAR SIR,—THANKS TO TUBES AND L.C.C. TRAMS, MY DEARLY BELOVED RELATIVES CAN VISIT ME EVERY FEW DAYS INSTEAD OF ONCE A YEAR—
I SHALL VOTE MODERATE!!—A. N. West, Bachelor.

GOLDMAN, OF KENSINGTON COURT.

By M. L. R. BRESLAR.

Thirty years ago the firm of Moritz Bros., of Manchester, had a credit in the soft goods trade of over a hundred thousand pounds, and when the eldest of the three partners died, leaving a widow and a daughter, Sadie, five years old, dependent on the continued prosperity of the house, he left in net personalty, apart from real estate in trust for them, nearly twenty thousand pounds. From various causes the firm dwindled and declined, and when the crash came, Sadie's entire fortune was swallowed up. The surviving partners, Charles and Simon Moritz, left their native city and went to reside in London. In the meantime the widow died of a broken heart, and the upbringing of the young girl devolved upon her uncles. It may here be mentioned that there was a scapegrace son, whom the father shipped off to the West Indies about four years before he died. His whereabouts were unknown, and it was generally understood that he was dead. His name was Ronald, and at the date of this narrative, he would have been about thirty years of age.

Now the chief anxiety of the surviving brothers was how with their shrinking income so to keep up appearances that when the time should arrive for Sadie to be married, she should in no wise be prejudiced by her uncles' changed fortunes. All that was possible for them to do was done unsparingly. Within the compass of their narrowed means nothing was stinted in order to give their ward the highest education obtainable. Had they so willed it, with her fine natural parts and varied accomplishments, she could easily have supported herself, but the pride of these fallen men stood in the way. Sadie was in constant request at concerts got up in aid of charity, both as reciter and vocalist. She had fine histrionic gifts. To these public displays no objection could be raised, and as they tended to advance their niece's prestige were warmly encouraged.

The origin of the dowry "idea" among the Hebrews is lost in the folds of obscurity; but "a portionless girl," whatever compensating attractions she may have, is held in such disesteem, that they have founded societies to dower these unfortunate maidens. Sadie having at length arrived at a marriageable age, a fresh and ever-increasing perplexity was added to the burdens silently borne by her guardians. The hour when they would have to tell her the whole truth about her vanished patrimony weighed upon their nerves like a nightmare. Naturally she had no lack of admirers, whom, with maidenly dexterity, she kept at arms' length. There was one amongst them, however, whom her guardians particularly favoured, quite unknown to herself. He was a South African merchant named Isidore Barnett. For some reason he was apparently out of favour with Sadie, who always had some public engagement to fulfil whenever he chanced to make a call at her uncles' house in Brondesbury. And it was all the more surprising, since being an excellent musician, he had written several songs, under a nom de plume, which Sadie had sung at various concerts with unwonted animation and feeling. Isidore represented in England, among other large importing houses "on the other side," the rising firm of Morris and Chandler, of Cape Town and Port Elizabeth. Circumstances of an important nature having arisen, Isidore decided to sail for Cape Town, and when he intimated his intention to his Brondesbury friends they were by no means pleased to hear it.

"I don't like going away myself, either," he remarked, "especially since Sadie appears to give that fellow 'Goldman, of Kensington Court,' a great deal more encouragement than I like."

However, he went; and Goldman, of Kensington Court, was shortly afterwards casually introduced to her uncles as "a very dear friend." Sadie and Goldman from this time onwards were thrown so much together and frequented each other's society so much that it began to be talked about. The uncles were blamed for allowing it. One or two charitable institutions had privily decided to "boycott" the young lady if Goldman's status could not be more accurately defined. Jews are very crotchety on these points, and even the uncles were beginning to be alarmed at Sadie's infatuation. The gravity of the situation was not in any way lightened by their own luckless plight in respect of the girl's patrimony, which they instinctively felt she might at any moment call upon them to hand over to her, and Goldman seemed to them to be just that kind of person who would urge her to extremities. So in the midst of their bewilderment and fear they hourly prayed that Isidore would come home and, at their instigation, put his fortune to the hazard with their wilful niece.

Really in the affairs of life one must travel sometimes a

thousand miles to learn the doings of one's native village, and "on the other side" Isidore heard more of the straitened affairs of the brothers Moritz in three weeks than he had gleaned during the whole three years of his intimacy with them. But this access of knowledge, instead of forcing him to abate his estimate of them, had quite a contrary effect. He regarded them as men who had nobly sacrificed themselves to advance their niece's prospects, and with the easy-going morality habitual to men engaged in highly speculative branches of industry, he was far from being angry with them. Nay, he felt that the situation brought him stages nearer to the realisation of his proudest hopes. He was even grateful to the brothers for their thriftlessness. Though it was unjust to Sadie, he ultimately brought himself to fancy that when she knew the facts she would not keep him at bay any longer.

Hitherto the brothers, Charles and Simon Moritz, had treated Sadie as a spoiled child. She had been given a free hand in everything. As soon as they found out that Isidore's heart was pure and unsullied by any mercenary taint, they privily resolved to keep a stricter eye on the maiden's doings in the near future, and to contrive to keep her at home as much as possible without exciting her suspicions. They hoped in this way to restrain the pernicious influence of Goldman.

The brothers held many councils of war, but were unable to come to any practical decision. They loved their niece with almost paternal warmth, seeing she had grown up under their shadow like a beautiful rose-tree. They wanted to exercise legitimate restraint without making the gyves felt; they wanted, too, to save her from the breath of evil and of scandal-mongering. And so from a stern policy of repression they fell into a policy of drift. Meanwhile the weeks flew on, and her meetings with Goldman increased.

Barnett had been back in London about six weeks, and had made many futile efforts to advance his cause with Sadie, who kept him in that direful state midway between acceptance and refusal, when matters rapidly came to a climax, and in a manner quite unforeseen, except by Goldman. It was a Saturday afternoon in July, and the rain was coming down in torrents. Sadie was ostentatiously preparing to go out.

"Surely, my darling, you are not going to risk your health in weather like that," said Simon to her, in a voice of mingled pleading and despair.

"Mr. Goldman is coming to take me to the Albert Hall."

"Confound the fellow!" broke in Charles, whose temper got the better of his judgment. "What right has he to be taking you about to public places?"

"Every possible right, uncle dear," she quietly retorted.

"I say he has no right whatever."

"I have given him consent—"

"To what?"

"To take me about wherever he pleases. But he will be here himself presently, and you can discuss the matter with him. I don't care now what happens."

"Yes, Miss Impudence!" spluttered the irate Charles.

At that lucky moment for Charles's dignity, Goldman drove up in a hansom, and sprang from it with such sprightly pride that it intensified the righteous indignation these orthodox gentlemen felt at the desecration of the Sabbath. Their emotions were too complex to be described. They stamped the floor in their rageful impotence. Sadie flew to the hall-door and opened it herself. A report, which resembled the sound of a kiss, penetrated the benumbed senses of the uncles, and made them visibly shudder. Then the door opened, and Sadie, beaming with radiance and happiness, led Goldman into their presence. Goldman made a profound bow, which they icily acknowledged.

"Uncle, dear, Mr. Goldman desires to have a little private talk with you. I will leave you together and go up to dress. Please don't fight." And nodding affectionately to them, she bounded out of the room.

With striking self-composure which was in marked contrast to that of his hosts, Goldman strode to a vacant chair, took off his gloves with irritating deliberation, crossed his legs, and waited quietly for the fray. The brothers sat down and kept their eyes fixed on the pattern of the carpet. Goldman opened fire straightaway.

"You gentlemen are most indignant at my breaking the Sabbath."

"We haven't said we are," retorted Charles, whose gorge was rising.

Simon signalled to him to control himself.

"Actions speak louder than words," came the retort.

"My dear sir," interpolated Simon with excessive blandness, "your retort has missed fire. We make no pretence to comment on our visitors' private actions. If we are inclined to be critical—"

A BUSINESS SENSATION.

A TALK WITH THE MANAGER OF THE CAXTON PUBLISHING COMPANY.

The "Business Encyclopedia" Boom has caused something like a sensation in publishing circles; and the Manager of the Caxton Publishing Company has been good enough to grant my request for a few minutes conversation about a book that is attracting considerable attention just now.

I recognised what a big enterprise its issue really was as soon as I was inside the Company's offices, at Clun House.

"Palatial" is a tired word when applied to business premises; nevertheless, it is a truer one here than when it is applied to most big places of business.

The entire ground floor of the beautifully appointed premises at Clun House was a scene of tremendous but well-ordered activity; for the ordinary work of the Caxton Publishing Company must go on while the extraordinary extra demand for their "Business Encyclopedia" is being met.

This firm is the largest house in the Publishing Trade that issues books on the deferred payment system. Its branches cover the whole of the United Kingdom, and the mention of the amount it pays in rents and wages alone is enough to make one realise what is meant by the phrase "thinking in thousands."

As I was shown to the Manager's Private room, I had glimpses of a large and particularly efficient-looking staff steadily coping with the inrush of orders for the "Business Encyclopedia."

I put my question with a sense that its reply was obvious.

"The Business Encyclopedia" Boom has caused something like a sensation in publishing circles?"

The Manager nodded:

"Yes, I think that is so; and the boom is not over by any means. On the day after the first announcement of our offer in the Dailies, to send the set of books for a merely nominal sum down, we had to make a considerable increase in our staff as a result of the applications with which we were overwhelmed. And we are apologising abjectly all the time for inevitable delay," he added.

"You are undoubtedly the first in the field with a work of this sort?" I opined.

"Yes, we are certainly all that; that is to say, we are the first and only publishers who have met the demand for an Encyclopedia of Reference dealing only with the great and increasingly important interests covered by the word Business. Encyclopedias of Business are common enough in the United States and in Germany; there, the young men destined for business study these as they would any other text books of specialised knowledge. It is an interesting speculation why a work of this sort has never been exploited in England; I suppose 'everybody's business was nobody's business' in the Publishing World as elsewhere. However, we do unreservedly claim one merit for our initiative—that the work has been done well—at last."

"There is certainly no doubt as to its all-round excellence and completeness," I granted, for I had already heard plenty of testimony to this effect.

"No, I think not. You see the work deals with over 10,000 points directly or indirectly relating to Business, Money and Trade. A moment's thought will demonstrate its usefulness. As a matter of fact it is more than useful—it is necessary. And it is thoroughly practical."

"So I gather from these splendid press notices." I was turning over a number of them which he had put before me. "Don't you find they help the sale of the work considerably?"

"Perhaps they do," he said. "But, personally, I am more inclined to point to the list of eminent commercial men who have been good enough to send us word what they think of its excellence. When such firms as Messrs. Fry & Son, and Messrs. W. D. & H. O. Wills, and such men as Lord Burton, Sir Thomas Lipton, and Mr. William Whiteley say a thing is good value to business men, you may depend on it that it is so."

A letter had been handed to the Manager as we were speaking.

"This is an interesting addition to our testimonials—and a valuable one," he said, after reading it. It was from the Mansion House—from the Lord Mayor himself. Sir William Treloar wrote:—"The Business Encyclopedia and Legal Adviser" is a work of considerable value and utility—especially to commercial men."

"We attribute the excellent and gratifying response to our advertisements largely to this fact," he continued, "that we do not ask the practical business man—who is no fool, and who generally sees to it that he gets twenty shillings for his sovereign—to accept our opinion of the work, nor the reviewers' opinions. We tell him what is thought of it by men of weight in the business world who have bought the books, and are now using them every day with excellent results—as they themselves declare."

"Your firm has a reputation for engineering a good many of these big things?" I said.

"Well, yes, there is no doubt that we have taken a distinct line in supplying big works to meet the demands of special classes of book-buyers, and on terms that make their acquisition easy."

"Our boom of the 'Illustrated Chambers' Encyclopedia' is fresh in the public mind. As a matter of mere numbers, it was a tremendous affair; and orders for it continue to pour steadily in."

"Then we have our 'quiet booms'—if I may use a contradictory term. We publish Medical Works—he handed me a half-a-dozen prospectuses full of abstruse looking matter—and some big works of reference for the Building Trades, and for Engineers; and also for Designers and Engravers. Then we have some big books of interest only to Musical folks, and some standard editions of the greater novelists. Yes, I think we may call ourselves specialists in the Publishing Trade."

"In the department of Fine Arts, I believe our greatest success will be the exquisite Mezzotint Engraving of the 'Rokeby Venus,' which Mr. T. Hamilton Crawford has just done for us."

"Still these lines do not supply as distinct a want as the 'Business Encyclopedia' does; though we find names that we have on our books in other connections, sent in to us again over orders for our Business Book—names well-known in commercial circles."

"You find that the 'Business Encyclopedia' is ordered largely by practical business men? Are the younger men equally concerned in acquiring it?"

"I put this question in view of the unfavourable comparison often made between the comparative efficiency of the Foreign and the British clerk."

"I am glad to say yes to that," the Caxton Manager replied heartily. "One of the most gratifying results of our booming of the 'Business Encyclopedia' is, that advantage has been so largely taken of our offer of the entire work, delivered free of charge, for a merely nominal first payment, by young men—men of from twenty-four to thirty years of age—clerks, assistants, and business neophytes generally. This is a direct challenge to the statement that our British youths who enter the commercial arena are not so earnest in informing themselves on those technicalities, and in the details that go to make up business efficiency, as is the continental commercial clerk. I grant there has been some truth in the statement in the past. But the growth of commercial centres in big towns is one proof that the English clerk realises that he can no longer afford to be inefficient. The use of our 'Business Encyclopedia' by so many ambitious young men is, I venture to think, quite as convincing a proof of the same truth."

"As a matter of exact figures, we have already sold over thirty thousand sets of the 'Business Encyclopedia'."

"It only shows what enterprise can do." This was my reflection as I left the busy scene at Clun House; the staff was still hard at it as I passed through the Company's offices.

"This shows what enterprise can do," I repeated. Just think of it. Thirty Thousand sets (representing 180,000 volumes) of this useful work sold as a consequence of a judicious bid for success. And—as a certain result—a most undoubted increase of Business Efficiency in our immediate midst—an efficiency that is bound to have far-reaching results."

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J. M. W.

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Please send me, free of charge, a copy of "THE PRACTICAL BOOK."

J. 191.

Name.....

(Send this form, or a post-card, mentioning this paper.)

Address

C. A. A.

"What's wrong, then, with my public behaviour, Mr. Moritz?"

"I thought you came for a little private talk," went on Simon, quite unperturbed.

"I did; but there are one or two preliminary matters to clear up."

"Well, state them, sir," cooed the clever Simon.

"What's wrong with my public behaviour, I want to know? Let me tell you"—rising—"it will at least compare favourably with that of anyone in this room."

"You speak very vehemently, sir," said Simon, likewise rising from his seat; "but who, pray, might you be to come and commandeer us in our own house!"

"I will declare myself when you have answered this question. Where is Sadie's jointure?"

The faces of the three men were of an ashy pallor. Goldman went and locked the door. There was a dead silence.

"Now you want to know who I am. I will tell you. I am Sadie's brother and your nephew, Ronald Moritz."

The brothers looked like collapsing. Beads of perspiration stood on their foreheads, and their throats were as dry as limekilns. But what Ronald proceeded to say calmed them and restored their self-esteem.

"Now, my dear uncles, I have not come here to-day to call you to account. Byegones shall be byegones. No one knows better than I do how gallantly you have striven in face of difficulties to do your duty by my sister, and no one is more grateful than I am. Sadie knows everything. And if she has appeared to behave somewhat harshly to Isidore—"

"We are not aware of it," interrupted Simon diplomatically.

"She has acted under my orders. I wanted to test the metal of the man she really loves."

"The artful minx!" said Charles, playfully.

"Sadie is now immensely rich, thanks to my good fortune, and as soon as everything is settled Isidore becomes a partner in my African business."

"So you are Morris and Chandler, of Cape Town?"

Ronald nodded assent. "And best of all, I am Goldman, of Kensington Court."

HIS FIRST KISS.

(A YORKSHIRE IDYLL.)

By J. GAUNT.

"Tha foill!"

Joseph started as if he had been shot. Mary Alice flew round the corner in a twinkling. Joseph's mother stood before her son in tragic attitude, apparently unable to add anything to the two words already mentioned, which she had uttered with a vehemence that betokened the intense excitement under which she was labouring. Mother and son faced each other—the Avenging Spirit and the Culprit. The Avenging Spirit weighed sixteen stone—the Culprit was forty-five years of age. A deadly pause, and then the mother, with outraged feelings, commenced—

"Tha gurt, gaumless foill! Ez ta nowt to do but allack abaht with sich hussies as yond? Are ta gooin' cleean aht o' thi mind? Haven't I been trying all mi life—"

"Nah, mother, chuck it. I've made up mi mind to wed yond lass."

Mrs. Judkins was a sight to see. Incredulity, amazement, indignation were plainly visible on her big, round, heavy face. She fairly gasped before she could say—

"Thee wed onnybody! Thee! Tha gurt, gaumless foill!" And with her head wagging and her red arms outstretched, she sailed away "like a stately ship of Tarsus," with her face flushed and hot, towards the modest cot in which she had sheltered her offspring for five-and-forty years.

Joseph was left alone. He stood mute and motionless, apparently in deep thought, his brow contracted. When at length he moved away there was noticeable a look in his eyes and an elasticity in his step that were entirely new to Joseph Judkins. A man of few words, slow, heavy, phlegmatic, morose and gloomy, Joseph was generally avoided by those with whom his daily labours brought him into contact. During the five-and-forty years of his earthly pilgrimage he had held aloof from all mankind; towards the opposite sex he had maintained a severe silence. But when Mary Alice came to be scullery maid at the Hall—in connection with which establishment Joseph held the position of gardener's help—she began from the very outset to cast sheep's eyes at the woman hater; nay, she even boasted to her friends in the kitchen that she would subdue him and bring him to her feet. She met with little success at first, and it was some time before she could get even a responsive

nod. But she persevered, and was at length rewarded by a return of her "good morning" or "good evening." And on this particular evening—an evening never to be forgotten by Joseph—she actually coaxed him into a short conversation in the avenue leading to the kitchen gardens. She looked very pretty in her dainty pink dress, her eyes shone like diamonds, and under the spell of a fascination which he could not analyse, he blurted out—

"Eh, lass, but tha does look nice."

A smile of unmistakable satisfaction lighted up her features as she replied—

"Does ta meean it, Joseph?" She had nestled up to him almost imperceptibly, her hair almost touched his face, and he felt afraid. He had never been alone with a girl before—he had never wished—but now the intoxication was upon him, his dull heavy eyes sparkled with an intense joy, and he said—

"Ay, lass, tha does look nice."

Closer still she crept to him, put her hand upon his shoulder, and looking up into his face with eyes that almost shamed the stars, she whispered, "Kiss me, Joe."

He trembled like a leaf. A lump rose in his throat. A hazy mist crept for a moment before his eyes. Every nerve in his body tingled, and his breathing almost ceased.

"Does ta meean it, lass?" And without waiting for her answer, he gathered her daintily, carefully into his great strong arms, pressed her against the breast of his rough home-spun coat, and touched her lips with his own. He had a glimpse of heaven for one moment, and then a woman's shrill, hard voice rang out—

"Tha foill!"

Joseph Judkins never slept that night. He was turning over in his dull heavy mind the whole episode. He almost failed to realise that he had done this thing. It was like a dream, a strange, unexplainable hallucination, and amidst all the exquisite pleasure attending on the memory of that kiss there lay, deep down in his heart, a strange fear. Next morning he did a thing he had never done before in all his life—he went to work in his Sunday coat. He had a violent storm with his mother before he left home. He was chaffed unmercifully by his fellow-workers at the gardens, but he took no heed. He went through his day's labour in his usual stolid, silent manner, varied, however, by many covert glances towards the Hall, and when the work was ended for the day he hung about the little avenue for hours—waited, and yearned, and longed for the sweet vision in the pink frock, but she never came. For a whole week he did the same thing, went through the dreary, lonely watching and waiting, and went home each night with a void in his heart that only her presence, or her love, could fill. He had no doubt of her, however. He was quite satisfied that she loved him, and he waited patiently for the opportunity to ask her to become his wife.

She came at last, but not alone. She was arm-in-arm with Rufus, the groom, and did not seem to be particularly pleased to see Joseph. But suddenly, remembering their former meeting, she dismissed Rufus on the spot, and went to Joseph, but not to his embrace. There was a world of pathos in his voice as he said—

"Wor I mista'en, lass?"

She looked at him almost sadly—perhaps a little grain of remorse came into her heart for a moment—and she said—

"Yes; I have promised to marry Rufus."

He did not see her go; he remembered no more of that interview. He knew not how long he stayed there, or what he did, or whether he said anything. The night went suddenly cold, the stars were dimmed, and a greyness stole over everything around. That was all he knew. He went home just before the dawn of another day, with a heart as heavy as lead. He went to work the next morning in his old coat; his face resumed the old stolid, expressionless appearance, and he became more unsociable than ever. "He never told his love," but it rankled in his heart. And even now, whilst the great, lumbering Joseph goes about his daily labours with the memory of that one kiss, which he hugs to himself in secret; whilst his big, tender heart, seared for ever by the thoughtless folly of a young girl, treasures up the memory of that one moment's happiness, Mary Alice entertains her friends with the laughable story of Joseph Judkins' love-making.

DEAR MADAM (OR SIR),

May I send you some specimen copies of JOHN BULL for distribution amongst any of your friends who are not at present readers?

THE PUBLISHER.

4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.

BULL'S EYES.

CONSEQUENCES:—A Free Trader.....met.....a Tariff Reformer.....in an argument.....The F. T. said, "A record commercial year.".....The T. R. said, "Yes, but Protection would have made it greater still.".....The consequence was.....he was unconvinced.....And the world said, "Facts—and mules—are stubborn things."

The *Times*.....met.....a workman.....in Queer Street. The T. said, "Pay up!".....The W. said, "I can't.".....The consequence was.....the "Thunderer" got thundered at (by the judge).....And the world said, "How are the mighty fallen!"

Miss Billington.....met.....Mr. Greit.....over the heather.....She said, "I want a vote.".....He said, "Take mine.".....The consequence was.....that she got her heart's desire.....And the world said, "She winna Greit na, puir lassie."

A policeman.....met.....an ex-Army officer.....in a burning hotel.....The P. sang, "Won't you come out, Mr. Bailey?".....The O. sang, "Leave me in my little cot.".....The consequence was.....that he was saved by (the) force.....And the world said, "He must have been reading 'Witty-Cur's Almanack.'"

"Shall we tunnel the Channel?" asked the *Daily News* recently. Is our contemporary really a bore?

To Intending Suicides—Read "Witty-Cur's Almanack" and live for ever.

SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS.—That the Irish are "randy" at not getting Winston Churchill.

That the Lord's Prayer is, "Give us this day our *Daily Mail*."

That they call the new Tube the "Dillytory" Railway.

That 100 to 1 was recently offered against "Bryce" for the Peerage Stakes, and no takers.

That Mr. Stead does not advertise.

That Southampton "Star's One" in the (Liver)pool game.

That the author of "Witty-Cur's Almanack" doesn't wear a collar.

That the threatened Tube Railway Combine is ty bad tu be true.

That Lord Rosebery has been offered the Irish Chief Secretaryship.

According to *Putnam's Monthly*, "nowadays a poet cannot be distinguished from a prosperous stockbroker." Yet the *Express* asks, "Does Poetry Pay?"

In Berlin, dogs are being trained to help the police. Being "run in" will now have a double significance for offenders "on the spree."

A curate at Aylesbury complains of persecution in the shape of costly anonymous gifts. Will someone please "persecute" us?

Mr. Clavell Salter, speaking at Southampton, said the Unionists wanted a banner under which they could fight. Do they want a Bannerman too?

An American clergyman challenges any Christian Scientist to swallow strychnine with him, as a test of faith. Christian Scientists won't recognise strychnine as an "Eddyble."

We have been reading in the *Tribune* about "Mr. Jim Crow's Competition," under the heading "For the Children." But "there are no children by Jim Crow." He does not compete.

A jurymän at the Old Bailey last week had a "conscientious objection" to circumstantial evidence. Prisoners frequently suffer from the same complaint.

Some of the "Yell-oh" Press journals are printed on "pink" paper, run by "green" staffs, and give one the "blues" when "read."

Speaking of the Transvaal Constitution, a Johannesburg paper says, "We are going to make the best of a bad job." That is what England is trying to do.

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Wragby Lane, Sturton Magna,
Horncastle, Lincs.

DEAR SIR,—

Before I began your "Treatment" I had suffered from Chronic Bronchitis and Asthma for several years, left on me from Influenza. I got so bad that I could not leave my bedroom for weeks together. The least cold I got would settle on my chest. I had very violent coughing, with much phlegm; I often thought I should suffocate, especially if the fire went out and the air turned cool in my room.

I used to dread going to bed, as I suffered so terribly during the night; I often had to be propped up with pillows the whole of the night, fighting and gasping for breath. I cannot describe my sufferings, they were terrible. I was seen by four doctors, who only gave me relief for a time, for as soon as I got a cold Bronchitis would set in, then I was as bad as ever; nay, worse, for every attack left me weaker, and I had scarcely any strength left. At last a neighbour told me of a farmer who had derived much benefit from your Treatment, and I determined to try it. I applied to you and began your Treatment, and in a short time I began to improve in my breathing, sleeping, eating, etc. My cough did not trouble me much. I followed your instructions, and am thankful to say I am now enjoying better health than I have done for years. Since I began your Treatment I have had several bad colds, but am glad to say that all passed off without a single attack of Bronchitis or Asthma.

I now wish to give you my best thanks for all you have done for me, also for your great kindness and patience which you have shown all through my case. I shall be pleased to recommend your Treatment to any one suffering from Chronic Bronchitis or Asthma. Hoping you may be spared many years to carry on your valuable Treatment,

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours most gratefully,

KEZIA WATTAM.

The above is not "exceptional," but, on the contrary, is typical of thousands of testimonials filed at my Institute, and these can always be seen by any bona-fide inquirer.

£1,000.

I am prepared to pay One Thousand Pounds to any charitable institution if the whole of the testimonials published by me are not genuine extracts from the patients' own letters.

READ THIS.—All sufferers from the above complaints—irrespective of age or stage of the disease—should write at once for my new and exhaustive work on the Permanent cure of Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, Blood Spitting, Emphysema, Stomach Complaints, etc., etc. This illustrated work for which I make no charge, is sent post free and under cover to all inquirers who write direct to THE WEIDHAAS HYGIENIC INSTITUTE, 36A, Burgess Hill, near Brighton. London Consulting Rooms: PICCADILLY MANSIONS, 17, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, W. Every Friday and Saturday, at 10.30 and 6.30.

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What a Young Woman Ought to Know.

What a Young Wife Ought to Know.

What a Woman of 45 Ought to Know.

4/- net per copy, postage 4d.

Send for table of contents.

Yir Publishing Co.,

7 J, Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus
London, E.C.

A contemporary has named the motor-omnibus the "blunder-bus." We wish some of them would go off.

"Gold in the coal-hole," a paragraph is headed. No wonder, with coal at its present price.

Ninety-nine people out of every hundred are buying "Witty-Cur's Almanack," and the other man hasn't got the necessary tanner.

Peter the Regicide is reported to live on 12s. a day. Is he putting a little by for his non-reigning days?

According to Mr. Gibson Bowles, "The Premier is a safe man." Not a "Milner's" though.

To travel from Calais to Dover,
Would you rather go under, or over?
But suppose on the boat there's a blunder,
Going over might mean "going under."

A bankrupt at Bristol last week said he traded in partnership with his son, who was three months old. A sleeping partner.

"London audiences, the stupidest in the world, do not like sad endings to plays," says the Allahabad Pioneer. The authors, the actors, and the producers don't like them either.

Tom Bowling was charged at Tower Bridge with being drunk recently, and a bottle of rum found on him was ordered to be handed to the police, Mr. Rose saying—"they would know what to do with it." It was Christmas time.

Mr. Plowden's "historical" education seems to have been neglected. An army veteran said he "had served in the Indian Mutiny, China War"—"and," the magistrate added, "Waterloo, Battle of Hastings, and so on." This was carrying the joke a bit too far—back.

Mrs. Langtry is writing her autobiography. She evidently believes that "if you want a thing well done, do it yourself."

Miss Gertrude Atherton has written a letter, in which she tells the editor of the Times to "go to the devil." We await his decision.

The Liverpool Post advertises for "A lady companion for a dipsomaniac, strong and active," and for a "Youth to assist in butcher's shop; used to horses." Good.

The Advertiser says that the fifth Duke of Portland "died without hairs." It is a bald statement.

In a large ironworks the other day we were shown a hydraulic press which the manager said "exerted a pressure of 3,000 lbs. to the square inch, and had a 60-ton squeeze." What a Romeo!

The livery horse is not so much a charger, as the fellow who keeps the stable.

The best day on which to win cups is, of course, a muggy one.

"I was rapped in slumber," said the tramp, as the policeman hit him over the head with his truncheon.

A learned doctor says that the reason so many people are in ill-health is because they eat with their jaws instead of their judgment.

Seen on every hand—Fingers.

The baby's little game—Bawl.

Fox's Martyrs—Reynard's Victims.

A Bump of Destructiveness—A railway collision.

Effectual destruction of weeds—Marrying a widow.

Revised proverb: Where there's a will there's a lawsuit.

You can always distinguish a bishop's head by his episcopate.

Brewers' Exhibition Note: A Grand "Stand"—The testing department.

A mathematical mem: A schoolboy's idea of "Prime Numbers"—"Penny Dreadfuls."

Why are ladies like bells? Because you can never find out their true metal until you have given them a ring.

A Lady Suffragette says that the highest use of man is to have his life insured for his wife's benefit.

Smokers say that tobacco is soothing. The more they fume the less they fret.

When two girls meet they kiss. When two men meet they don't, which shows that they ought to pair off.

Prince Auguste Wilhelm, fourth son of the Kaiser, is going to travel in disguise through America in order to look into the lives of the working men. The American workmen should look into the lives of the German princes—but they are more charitable.

To look into a mirror is a test of character, says Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon. We have seen some fine characters looking into the *Mirror Daily*, and *vice versa*.

Medical authorities insist that stimulants weaken the voice, and doubtless they do. It must be admitted, however, that they strengthen the breath.

A correspondent wants to know why a city is called a "she." It is because there is always more or less "bustle" about. Besides, a city has outskirts.

Some of the young ladies say that the times are so hard that the young men cannot pay their addresses.

In marriage one and one make one; in divorce one from one leaves two.

A Russian woman disguised as a man had three wives successively "without apparently undeceiving his wives." Were they suffragettes?

The schoolboy who wrote "Socrates died from a dose of wedlock," knew something.

Mr. Baker, of the Tooting Slate Club, has been on a visit to Lyons. Slater's would have been more appropriate.

The Blackfriars Bridge widening "must be completed in—three years"! Who says we can't "hustle"?

UNFOUNDED RUMOUR.—That Mr. Asquith is a member of a secret society for poisoning millionaires.

A woman charged before Mr. Plowden with "singing loudly in the street," pleaded she had been ill ever since. But two blacks don't make a white.

A firewood cutter at Marylebone was asked what he made at the business, and replied—"It all depends; yesterday I made a thousand." In reply to the incredulous magistrate's "What! A thousand pounds?" "No; a thousand bundles of wood," was the reply. At first it looked almost as good as running JOHN BULL.

According to a Bethnal Green workhouse attendant, when a man has no religious belief, he is put down as "Church of England." Just what we thought.

Among the New Year's honours we note that Confucius has been promoted to the same rank as heaven and earth. It is not quite decided who is to have the other place, but we can strongly recommend—well, see "Witty-Cur's Almanack."

Shortly after Mr. Tooting Baker arrived home, it was stated that he would conduct his Bible class as usual; but "special precautions would be taken that no Press representatives should have access." A Bible class certainly would be a special precaution against most Pressmen.

We see that whisky is coming up again. This time it is Islington which will discuss the all-important problem, "What is it?" A member of our staff is willing to act as arbitrator.

John Long has just published "The Dust of Conflict." This is in reference to the Education Bill correspondence. It seems to have got into the eyes of most of the writers.

We read in a contemporary a moral story of how a Cardinal visited a King *en famille*, and, as in duty bound, made some flattering remarks about the Royal children. It was somewhat embarrassing, however, when the King blurted out, "Ah, but you ought to see my *other* family!"

Mr. Devlin has been elected for Nicolet County, Quebec, in the Canadian Parliament. Old Nicolet is a suitable constituency for a Devlin.

A contemporary says: "Let us see how the Socialist movement stands." A standing movement would be worth looking at, no doubt.

The Rev. J. L. Fish, holder of a rich City living, has died, and there is a big rush of candidates to succeed him. In their desire to be after the Fish, they don't forget the loaves that go with it.

There are some things difficult to believe. The milkman's plea at Battersea that the water in his milk had dropped from the inspector's umbrella is one of them. How it must have rained!

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JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[JOHN BULL replies to some of his numerous correspondents.]

The following extraordinary effusion has been received at our office—addressed to Jim Crow:—
Nothing like it this side Heaven,

A disgrace to the year 1907.

Jim Crow,
Your Claw.

I have read it, Pardonna Messer, wee! Your Almanac! Oak Korks!

Witty-Cur's Almanac is a-la-fable JOHN BULL Pup-lie-cation, and is whelp put together; the other phunny dogs may now bow-wow, or go to Barking.

Bravo, Sunny Jim Crow.

How you do carry on, Carrion Crow; its offal.

You are a man after mine own ART.

To me it was mirthalated spirits, a kind of gin, a trap—clap-trap. And the ditties, acidity, absurdity, and avidity to raise a larf, its, er chronic, a crow-ner, written with a crow quill.

It is a screaming farce, farce superior to any other farce; so farce so good.

MOTIO for 1907: If you find Witty-Cur's interferes with business, give up BUSINESS.

It is pun-ctuated with puns, pungently, by a pun-gent.

Is it to be Annual-ed or Annul-ed?

Here's wishing you a Happy New Yearling.

Yours truly thankful, AMEN.

A Tanner,

Beer Shops Gait Street,
Sit'e Easy.

To Jim Crow, Esq.

P.S.—Hope this will reach you in time for next week's Thirst days Pub lick ation, then:—

eins, zwei, drei, vier,
trinken sie ein glas Bier.

THE MAGIC FOOT DRAFT COMPANY, 65, Holborn Viaduct, write repudiating our suggestion that they are in any way connected with the Brahmo Lever Watch Company.

A. N. (Streatham).—Don't puzzle your brain any more. It isn't worth it.

A. W. (London).—Are you not confusing Ben with Samuel?

A. E. N. (Ilford) has applied for a legal post at 30s. a week, and complains that sweepers earn as much. But sweepers have not the hope of becoming attorneys-general. In his application A. E. N. mentions that he knows the law well, having been co-respondent in several sensational divorce cases. Now he can fairly claim to be a sweep.

C. D. (Warwick Lane).—We will certainly inquire. Never invest without consulting us.

R. D. (Limavady).—Quite right to keep your eyes open, but two blacks don't make a white, and you will be very clever if you get off.

E. W. B. (Catford).—You are the thousand and first correspondent on this exciting subject.

W. J. S. (Birmingham).—We have exposed them often, and share your indignation.

J. B. (Brynmaur) employed J. A. Hardy and Co. (General Accountancy Offices, 70, Chancery Lane) to collect a debt of £9 6s. 6d. They have written several times to say the money is coming in by instalments, and that when a substantial sum is reached they will remit. On October 8 they had received eleven instalments of 5s., but they showed no sign of parting. We shall be glad to hear what happens eventually.

A. G. B. (South Hampstead) directs our attention to an advertisement of Iris motors, manufactured by Legros and Knowles, Limited, Willesden Junction. In this advertisement is a testimonial signed "A. D.," and dated November 13, in which it is stated—"I have run the Iris nearly 412,500 since the middle of July," which, as A. G. B. points out, means constant travelling for twenty-four hours a day at the rate of about 140 miles an hour. And our correspondent very naturally asks "Where are the police traps?" Should not "A. D.'s" initials have been "B.C."?

S. S. W. L. (Streatham Hill) has an idea for a patent in connection with a camera, and would like it taken up by somebody or other. He had better communicate with the Spring Bolt Manufacturing Company, 4, Clerkenwell Green.

"JESSE FLETCHER'S VICTIM" (Kent) sends us the original letters written by that rogue, posing as the editor of *Gentlefolk* and the *Great Northern Magazine*, for the purpose of procuring cash for the illustrations to accompany articles descriptive of the business of the persons to whom such communications were addressed, the trick, of course, being that the papers in question had no legitimate circulations, but simply existed by charging exorbitantly for these blocks and for copies in which the "notices" appeared. It's an old trick, but with Fletcher it was also a work of art.

J. C. (Upton Park) is a young man who suddenly found himself unemployed, and almost entirely without money. He, therefore, tramped the country in search of work, and made the acquaintance of the Poor Law authorities in a practical manner.

His criticisms upon their methods are far-seeing, and, although he is still seeking his fortune, we congratulate him upon his clear head, youth, and strength.

J. H. R. (Andover).—Glad you appreciate our reference to the Rev. Le Froy, but we have no power to force the Bishop to take action. We have very little influence in church circles. We are afraid we cannot carry the matter further.

R. G. A. (Portsmouth).—Sorry if we omitted to acknowledge your previous letter; but if, as you say, it simply consisted of eulogy, probably our modesty forbade us. We note that you propose murdering Jim Crow with a crow-bar. Personally, we have no objection; indeed, we will stand the funeral expenses.

J. S. L. (Crickdale).—Your suggestion is an excellent one. Many thanks.

F. S. R. (Aberdeen), and others.—We are in no way responsible for "Witty-Cur's Almanack." It is a private venture of that unspeakable reprobate, "Jim Crow."

"SUBSCRIBER" (Hull).—Thanks for interesting letter. The scriptural injunction to which you refer, "Judge not, lest ye be judged," does not apply to journalism, or the Law Courts, or to dog shows, and a variety of other interesting functions. We are forwarding you specimen copies.

E. G. K. (Lee).—Thanks for cutting, but scarcely merits a Biscuit.

J. J. (Saffron Walden) is an amateur hair specialist. He says he has a preparation of his own which, after about nine months' or a year's application, will induce hair to come, provided there is a little "fluff" to start with. And he is willing to send a bottle of this marvellous mixture to any of our correspondents with hair troubles for the paltry sum of eighteen pence. Please do not all speak at once.

ESOR (Birmingham).—Many thanks for kind words and interesting cuttings. As regards Mr. Chamberlain, stand on us.

J. J. (Glasgow).—Sorry you did not secure a prize, but you appear to be a good sort, and we must bear you in mind. Why were your friends anxious to know "Hoo muckle hae ye left of that five pun ye wer ta get, or was after"?

"CONDY" (Southsea) thinks there is more than one way of looking at the action of the House of Lords in regard to the Education Bill, and suggests that the following lines would be appropriate:—

The Bill comes back of its wickedness shorn,
And the wastrel crowd looks on forlorn;
But the thanks of all good Englishmen go
To the Lord above and the Lords below.

We are sorry that in the excess of his enthusiasm he has sent the occupants of the gilded chamber to the infernal regions.

C. E. B. (Colchester) tells us of a prayer sent out by Bishop Tonner, with the request that it should be written out and sent to nine different persons, commencing with the day upon which it was received, and with an intimation that he who did this would, on the ninth day, experience some great joy or be delivered from some grave calamity, whilst he who did not would be overtaken by a serious misfortune. C. E. B. adds—"One person who failed to comply with the request met with an awful accident." Here is the prayer: "O Lord Jesus Christ, we implore Thee, O Eternal God, to have mercy upon all mankind; keep us from sin by Thy precious blood, and take us to be with Thee eternally." We hope the accident was not fatal, but if it were, then we presume the last portion of the prayer, at any rate, was answered. We respectfully suggest to C. E. B. that he would be better employed in sending out nine specimen copies of JOHN BULL. No calamity would ever overtake him or those who received the copies. We do not know who Bishop Tonner is, but he ought to know better.

A. C. M. (Buxton).—Thanks for cutting.

H. W. S. (Latham).—Thanks for cuttings. We notice that no reasonable offer would be refused for the set of the Harmsworth Encyclopædia. The question, however, is—what would be a reasonable offer?

C. F. (Harrow) has sent us a copy of the *Sunday Companion*, a Harmsworth publication. In it advertisements of such concerns as "Davis" ("pawnbroker"), Zam-Buk, Bile Beans, "30s. a week earned in spare moments," "18-carat gold-cased rings," etc., are pleasantly varied with instructions in the Scriptures, invitations to join two lotteries, and three pages devoted to puffing the "Harmsworth Encyclopædia." We are much struck with the whole page generous testimonial the editor gives his employers' encyclopædia. The use of such language as "Get knowledge—get understanding," said the Wise Man, is quite in accord with the tone of the rest of the paper.

"SAXON" (Dublin) wants to pay his income-tax by assigning bad debts to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. What says Mr. Asquith?

"DISGUSTED" objects to those little Solomon and David lines, and to the reference to the curate's wife's wire about the Church banner. We will endeavour to be good in future, but "Disgusted" must not be too squeamish.

J. B. (Surbiton) wants our opinion of Pearson's offer of £500 a year for life. He says, "Will the money be paid?" Whoever could have doubted it?

P. B. (Liverpool).—Yes, we are keeping our eye on the Ferrer case. If justice is not done there will be a row.

C. S. R. (Liverpool).—Keep your six guineas in your pocket, study the best advertisements, and apply your own ingenuity.

W. W. (Penge) tells us of how he discovered some of our back numbers in a fried fish shop. They were full of good things, however.

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Marvellous New External Remedy which Draws Poisonous, Pain-Causing Acid Right Out of the System.

Every Sufferer Can Have Full-Size 4/6 Treatment Absolutely Free—to try.

Send no money—not even a penny stamp. Name and address only is necessary. Write at once.

I was once a sufferer crippled with Rheumatism. I tried drugs of all kinds, baths, electricity, and everything likely to cure my awful complaint, but all to no purpose. So I determined to experiment and find a remedy for myself.

I found that Rheumatism was caused through an accumulation of Uric Acid in the joints and muscles. Further, I found in the perspiration a large percentage of this poisonous Acid, especially in the soles of the feet.

Then I determined that if I could draw all this Uric Acid from every part of the body downwards to the largest pores of the feet, and then remove it by an absorptive process I should indeed secure a permanent cure, for the cause of the pain would be gone. After many months experimenting and research I succeeded. To-day I am cured—strong and healthy—with not a trace of Rheumatism in my whole body.

My friends heard of my marvellous discovery, and those suffering from Rheumatism I offered to cure, charging them nothing for the remedy. I simply gave them a trial treatment on the understanding that when benefited they sent me 4/6, otherwise they were not to send me a penny.

I am now offering my remedy to you on the same generous basis so you cannot afford to wait a single moment. Don't ruin your stomach with harmful drugs, but write me at once—confidentially—addressing, Secretary, Magic Foot Draft Co., M N 19, Victoria Chambers, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., and I guarantee to send you by return post my full-sized, complete Absorptive Treatment absolutely free of charge for you to try.

Remember, you are not asked to risk any money—not even a penny stamp.

J. M. (Leeds).—All right, let us have it strong. It does us good.

F. C. (Mestig) serenades us with a beautiful poem, which we blushing acknowledge.

D. M.—Thanks for letter. Your requests are receiving attention.

"FALK" (London).—See answer to "Ajax" in our issue of December 1st.

D. P. (Pentre Rhondda).—Thanks for suggestion. We will consider it.

J. R. E. (Goodmayes).—Thanks for verses. Try again.

T. P. (Edgware Road).—It depends upon how much space the winners' names will occupy. We are terribly in arrears with this page already. But we'll see about it.

F. M. (East Ham) bought a Lettis' Diary, and was disgusted to find his life is not insured for £1,000, with £500 for burglary and £3 a week in case of illness. He finds that for burglary he will have to pay an extra 5s., and, being a seafaring man, the other coupons will be no good. It's bad luck. What about the diary? F. M. asks: Is the whole thing a swindle? Certainly not.

H. B. (Bewdley).—Thanks for cuttings and suggestions. We cannot, however, deal with everybody and everything.

Dr. C. W. B. (Bayswater) writes us a long letter headed "A Bogus Mahatma," in which he tells us of the moral delinquency of a spurious occultist. He, however, omits the important item of the name and address of the fakir in question, so we are unable to check his alleged fakes.

F. J. (Manchester).—Thanks for letter and cutting, with which we are dealing elsewhere.

R. L. B. (Shipley) sends us a pamphlet entitled "Should Christians be Socialists?" We have not read it, but why should not they? Personally we regard Christ as the founder of Socialism.

F. S. W. (Bradford) sends us a long letter on the subject of *Pearson's Weekly* competition, but we are afraid we cannot devote any further space to it.

E. S. (Saskatchewan, Canada) says our journal brightens the home after a hard day's work on the farm, and he is looking forward, with the rest of the English-speaking world, to the early establishment of our monthly magazine.

S. C. (London).—Unfortunately, we cannot give a biscuit to everyone who deserves it.

E. D. A. (Birmingham).—Thanks for interesting cutting, which we have forwarded to Miss Peggy Warrender.

"TAFY" (Newport) wants the loan of £80 for the purpose of acquiring a small newsagency and bookselling business in London. And he cannot get it, although he is prepared to assign a life interest in some house property which will come to him on the death of his step-mother, and which he says will be worth £75 to £80 a year. His step-mother is evidently still young and in the best of health. We are afraid "Taffy" will have to find a surety.

J. H. (Redditch) says he has been "for several years past in the habit of sending a trifle" to the Cripple Girls' Home, 8, Sekforde Street, Clerkenwell, but "he has never felt quite sure about their *bond fides*." We should have thought he would have made it his business in the course of "several years" to have satisfied himself upon the point. By the same post we received a letter from "Gipsy Hill" (Norwood) commenting very adversely upon the institution, but as the writer omits to give his name, we cannot take any notice of his allegations.

C. W. N. writes us an interesting letter on the "Passing of the Coastguard."

D. H. H. (Bradford) was one of the victims of the Fraser Square Puzzle, but it is too late for anything to be done.

DR. WALFORD BODIE has been inundating us with testimonials as to the efficacy of his treatment. We feel almost inclined to give it a trial.

E. J. B. (London).—See answer to "C. S. R. (Liverpool)."

V. E. (Southwark) is a member of the committee of a social club which recently resolved to take three copies of JOHN BULL weekly, but the order has had to be doubled in order to cope with the general rush for the paper. We hope some day to drop in and shake hands with a few of the members.

A. M. (Mile End), H. I. (Barnsley).—We will consider your suggestion.

W. A. (Beverley) tells us of certain more uncomplimentary things he heard about our Editor. As we said before, we are not very thin-skinned, so long as people will talk about us. It's all good for trade.

J. H. M. (West Hartlepool) asks why we do not occasionally award ourselves with one of our celebrated biscuits. Does not he know that doctors never take their own medicine?

F. G. W. (London) calls attention to a slip in a recent note by which we spoke of Dr. Davidson occupying the Throne of St. Peter. It should, of course, have been the Seat of St. Augustine—whose surname, however, was not Birrell.

E. S. (Norbiton) complains of the methods of R. Stirling and Sons, manufacturers of Stramonium cigarettes, 31, Lett Road, Stratford. Does anybody know anything about them?

F. C. (Stepney) is in doubt about sending two guineas to Harvey, Taylor and Company for six of their dental and surgical lamps. He had better give himself the benefit of the doubt and keep the two guineas.

"STARCO" (Stratford) wishes to know whether the Co-operative Stores have to pay rates and taxes the same as any ordinary shopkeeper. Of course they have.

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.

("Larry Lynx" of "The People.")

The Birch Fund.

The sadness of the case is very rightly attracting general attention, whilst the poor sufferer's life is ebbing away. My list up to the moment exceeds £1,100, the subscription list including the names of many of our racing patricians. The fund is still open, and the cause appeals to every soul among the racing forces.

Anticipatory.

Hurst Park's is, of course, rattling good sport. If the ground keeps firm, WITNEY will about win the Steeplechase Handicap, and BARON CRAFTON go close for the Hurdle Race. On Saturday the ill-charactered ROYAL ROUGE is worth backing in the Steeplechase. On no account must QUEEN'S SCHOLAR be missed at Windsor next Tuesday.

Their Vocation Gone.

Most of our steeplechase jockeys, amateur and professional, have all done slightly worse both as to the number of rides and the total of their wins than in the preceding year. What will it be this time, with the countless fashionable neophytes now claiming the 5 lb. allowance?

The Coming Campaign.

With the weights to be very prematurely issued next week, the turn in the tide of dullness has just come, the best evidence of which is the gradual increase of the all-round sporting "ads." The business upon the pending Lincoln and National is being anticipated, and the Betting Bill will greatly increase—not, as expected, decrease—its volume. The head of one firm, who have been accepted as fit to have their advertisement in our columns, is Mr. A. E. Aston, of Harrogate, who, a few seasons back, was a power in the 'chasing world, and, with Caley as his jockey, won a sheaf of races. Yet Mr. Aston has shrewdly forsaken ownership—which is a losing game—for the business of a commission agent, which, conducted on proper principles, is a winning game, and as A. E. Aston and Co. conducts a huge business.

What Constitutes a Pressman.

My comment of last week has brought me considerable correspondence which it is undesirable to continue or answer. Further, in one day's racing since then, I met a vast number of racing men, especially owners, who entirely coincided with every word, even if considering the remarks outspoken. Such is my desire, whether applauding a man or a meeting deserving it, or denouncing any subject meriting it. It is queried as to whether these exposures of fact are the prelude to a series of articles. I am not inaugurating an attack against any particular firm or meeting, and therefore only as the gatherings take place—and, if any necessity arises—shall I allude—equally emphatically pro or con—to what transpires. Owners who truly and heavily "pay the piper" like to read that their experiences are also met with by others; racegoers who provide the fat salaries for the promoters and numerous officials are entitled to have their grievances or needs ventilated. A genuine pressman is paid to be their spokesman in the cause of right.

Plumpton.

There are meetings associated with an indescribable sporting character, where one goes with every justification, more by force of habit and the pleasure of being there rather than to witness anything out of the very ordinary in sport as to numbers or class. Among such is unquestionably Plumpton, the proprietary property of a small, very popular

syndicate, all men in the racing world, and whose modesty prefers that their identity be not too publicly disclosed. In a word, they shirk being congratulated upon having made Plumpton what it is, for until taking the meeting over not long ago it was altogether a different kind of fixture in the racing provided and the people attracted there. There is no gainsaying that considerable harm was done to the gathering by the belief of the actual inner racing forces that the meeting was the property of a certain unpopular executive, who are merely paid managers.

Nearly a Record.

It is the local opinion that Plumpton's gala, or Derby Day, is the annual Southdown Hunt fixture, held about Easter time, which was previously for many years run at adjacent Ringmer.

However, Plumpton naturally has a certain record, which was very nearly reached at last week-end's fixture; the two days combined anyhow claimed to be the second-best ever held on the extraordinary little circus-like course upon what is termed the station field. It is the sensible practice nowadays to build railway stations abutting upon race-courses, but I doubt if the actual platforms have ever been quite so close to a race track and steeplechase fences as is the case here; in fact, one could almost lean over from the platform and touch the fence along the railway side. That Plumpton—more particularly in the past and still—is also a coursing centre, was evidenced when hares—I do not mean the popular Squire of Arundel, or the jockey of that ilk—were plentiful; in fact, it was jocularly said that the few moments' delay at the post before the last race was due to the prevalence on the flat-race track of "jugged hare" in embryo.

Hartigan's.

"Cycles of luck" is an old-time cry exemplified irrefutably week after week. Hartigan's stable has experienced a good dose of success, a result almost bound to accrue when a man knows his business—that of a trainer—as the popular "Frank" certainly does; and especially when he claims as his charges such a nice lot of sound, young and really useful horses. How many of his confreres envy him the possession of jumpers of the class of Roseate Dawn—a 2,200 guineas purchase—Round Dance, a "thousand-pounder," Dafila, Bulbo, Bachelor, Whitechapel, Ronaldo, and almost countless others; in fact, whether they be newcomers on the Turf or old hands, the present rush among owners is undoubtedly Weyhill-wards. That the reverse side of things will in due course accrue (when the stable will have to complain truthfully that they cannot win any sort of race) is assured; in fact, already the tide is somewhat waning, and Hartigan's seconds have been innumerable.

Gore.

The real favourite of fortune for quite a month now has been that real good fellow, if somewhat "silent, retiring" Irishman, Bob Gore, who, like nearly all our best trainers, is not only a gentleman, but began his racing experiences as an amateur jockey. Most of us are old enough to remember Gore's active riding days, usually in his own colours, and invariably associate him with the success of a wonderful old grey (Quilon), who once won an Ebor Handicap. During the summer months some ten years back, Gore invariably spent his vacation riding in Germany for a stable which subsequently in turn invited Mr. E. Hampton, Mr. E. H. Lord, Mr. "Snip" Ripley, and others to steer their jumpers, for there is nothing like an Englishman to outstride the foreigners, be they professionals or—like all their amateurs—soldiers. A man may be a good horseman or a hard man in the hunting field without being much use, if any good at all, as a steeplechase jockey.

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Luncheon, 4s. Dinner, 10s. 6d.

Cuisine Véritablement Fine.
Supper, 5s. and à la carte.

MUSIC.

"Winner Trained at Findon."

In contrast to Hartigan's establishment, Gore will excuse me if I say, as a figure of speech, that he hardly has a good horse at all in his charge. His game is essentially plating, and with really moderate "ancient" horses, with suspicious legs, if not absolutely infirm, he manages to pick up more races than any trainer each winter. Of late, in fact, the association of Gore and Cowley has practically spelt the capture of three out of four selling plates. With only a limited team and the same old performers, Orpington, Decave, Lapsang, Jaloun, etc., etc., day after day, it would have been thought that their measure had been fully taken and their run of victories ended, but the final day of last week again saw three of the six races at Plumpton fall to the same confederacy. It may be said, being such regular performers, most of the horses do not need training, more especially "schooling," if they are of the veteran type, but all Gore's horses invariably jump well, and rarely fail to "get round." Moreover, there is nothing harder than to successfully "place" horses of poor ability, and no events take more winning, for all executives cry in unison that it is more difficult to obtain any entry and field for a £100 stake than for a 40 sov. event, the latter being necessarily Gore's invariable main object.

Jockey's Golden Chance.

Some trainers, if they gained a tithe of the events which fall to the Findon establishment, would, in racing parlance, "pack up a parcel," but Gore is not a betting man, and I doubt if he has ever had more than a "pony" on any horse in his life. He is one of the slow and sure, steady sort, delighted to win, especially for his patrons, and yet, despite this perfect plethora of luck, has really benefited very nominally financially.

What really greatly helps this incessant stream of success is jockeyship, and it has been noticeable that the various horsemen that have in turn been associated with the stable immediately come into prominence, and after severing their connection go right to the front, as with Mason and Freemantle; while Cowley was hardly ever heard of prior to the present winter and wearing Gore's colours.

It is Human Nature.

There is nothing more gratifying to a man, whatever position in the racing world he is filling, than to beat those with whom he was previously connected, if, as is only too often the case, severance of association has been a matter of unpleasantness on one side or other. And the irony of fate is very frequently predominant in racing results. Last week, for instance, Freemantle, last season's first jockey for Gore, more than once beat his old employer's representatives. When Medico won at Haydock Park he was ridden by Frank Morgan, and stood in the way of Domino, owned and trained by the brothers Hartigan, for whom, until this present jumping season commenced, Morgan was stable jockey. For a year or two Mr. J. M. Kerne's horses were trained by E. Martin at Royston, before that very frequent little "split" occurred which is so eminently frequent 'twixt owner and trainer. On Saturday, Martin, now resident at Lambourne, thought he had a "good thing" in Valencian for Plumpton's chief steeplechase handicap, only to be second to Bernalira, owned by Mr. Kerne and now trained by Persse.

Contrast to on the Flat.

What little chance steeplechase jockeys have of putting by, more especially if they be married men with families, is shown day after day when even the front rank pay their own expenses to many a meeting to have no ride at all, or probably one solitary mount. Frank Morgan, for instance,

Mr. Gant, of 25, Conduit Street, London, W., issues a waistcoat-pocket book for 1907, which for beauty and neatness we do not remember to have seen equalled. The binding is in red leather; there is a patent fastener, among the most adroit of its kind; the leaves are gilt-edged, and a natty little pencil is cunningly lodged within the book. A calendar—episcopal, financial, and astronomical—and business register is packed into a small compass, useful things to know alone finding a place in it. There are pages for social records, and a complete diary for the year. A handsomer little diary could hardly be desired, sent free to all clients! Mr. Gant's business is perhaps the largest Turf accountancy concern in the world, and his premises are situated in the very heart of the West End of London—namely, 25, Conduit Street, W. He has been established for many years, and is himself a well-known member of Tattersall's Subscription Rooms, which is a testimonial that requires no further remarks. Mr. Gant was the originator of the no limit system—that is to say, he was the first Turf accountant to pay his clients the full odds betted against a horse. Write for a copy of the Diary.

went to Plumpton last week-end, but on both days he did not get a ride, and how many others were in the same boat? On Saturday Joe Dillon journeyed for Epsom expressly and solely to ride Hegemony, which would earn him 3 sovs., but a few shillings over what the expenses would be. Dick Morgan similarly came bolting back from Ireland, and staying in town overnight, went on to Plumpton for one mount—Jane Morgan. Is the game worth the risks, and anything at the best but a hand-to-mouth living?

IF THE ABILITY to speak a foreign language could be immediately conferred in consideration of a cash payment, who any longer would be content merely to use his own tongue? Yet it is really astonishing what a small expenditure of time and effort can secure if properly directed. For thirty years Mr. Charles Hugo, of 33, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C., and elsewhere, has been publishing practical books and perfecting his system of oral instruction in modern languages, and now claims that by their study a good working knowledge of French or German can be acquired within three months, whilst by his 1907 self-tuition course any student can acquire more real practical knowledge of French or German in one month than by any other method in six. Intending students of modern languages should certainly read the advertisement which appears in this issue, and obtain any further particulars desired at 33, Gracechurch Street, or one of the branches.

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The "Winning Post," July 7th, says:—
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WITTY-CUR'S ALMANACK**

Edited by the Very Reverend JIM CROW, V.S.O.P.
Bryce is off to America with it. The Speaker Speaks it.

Letter from Lord Rosebery.

"Lord Rosebery is much obliged to the Editor of Witty-Cur's Almanack for sending him a copy of the almanack." But does he remember his obligations?

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There is no letter from the Prime Minister or any other minister.

Reynolds' Newspaper says:—"A sprightly and amusing satire, the interest being equally well sustained throughout."

Winning Post says:—"Very welcome. Brimful of fun from start to finish. A hearty laugh is assured to every reader."

The New Review says:—"Virginal. Chaste. Miles a-head. Luminous. Bubbling spirits."

Punch says nothing.

The Sahara Express thinks "Jim Crow crude."

The Times (probably) finds it "stupid."

Lord Roberts (for once) does not advertise in it.

Colonel Maxse has not yet rewritten it.

Truth likes it with truffles.

WITTY-CUR'S ALMANACK. Price SIXPENCE Net, by Post 7d.

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First Prize—A Pot of Four-ale.

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